VOGUE

MARCH 15



INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS ISSUE

ON-THE-SCENE REPORTS
FASHIONS AND FEATURES FROM
U.S.A. · FRANCE · ENGLAND · ITALY · SPAIN · IRELAND

50 CENTS

COPYRIGHT 1964 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.



Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS



A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. It will leave your hair soft, fragrant and shining. Convenient 8 ounce bottle – $1.00

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

JOHN H BRECK INC · MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS · SPRINGFIELD 3 MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · OTTAWA CANADA



Leslie Morris
designed this
crisp strolling dress
of charcoal gray
French silk-touched
worsted,
with neckfill of
rose and white-striped
silk organdy.

LLM

from our Made-to-Order Collection
for Spring and Summer

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Shalimar Perfume $8, $14, $25, $45, plus tax

Guerlain

Parfumeur

MAISON FONDÉE EN 1828

Shalimar, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue, Mitsouko, Liu, Fleur de Feu.

Vogue
March 15, 1954

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair is published semi-monthly except for the months of January, June, July and December, when it is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Connecticut. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Connecticut, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Subscriptions $7.50 a year in U. S. A.

Vol. 123, No. 5
Whole No. 1925



George Platt-Lynes

Blithe...

Buoyant...

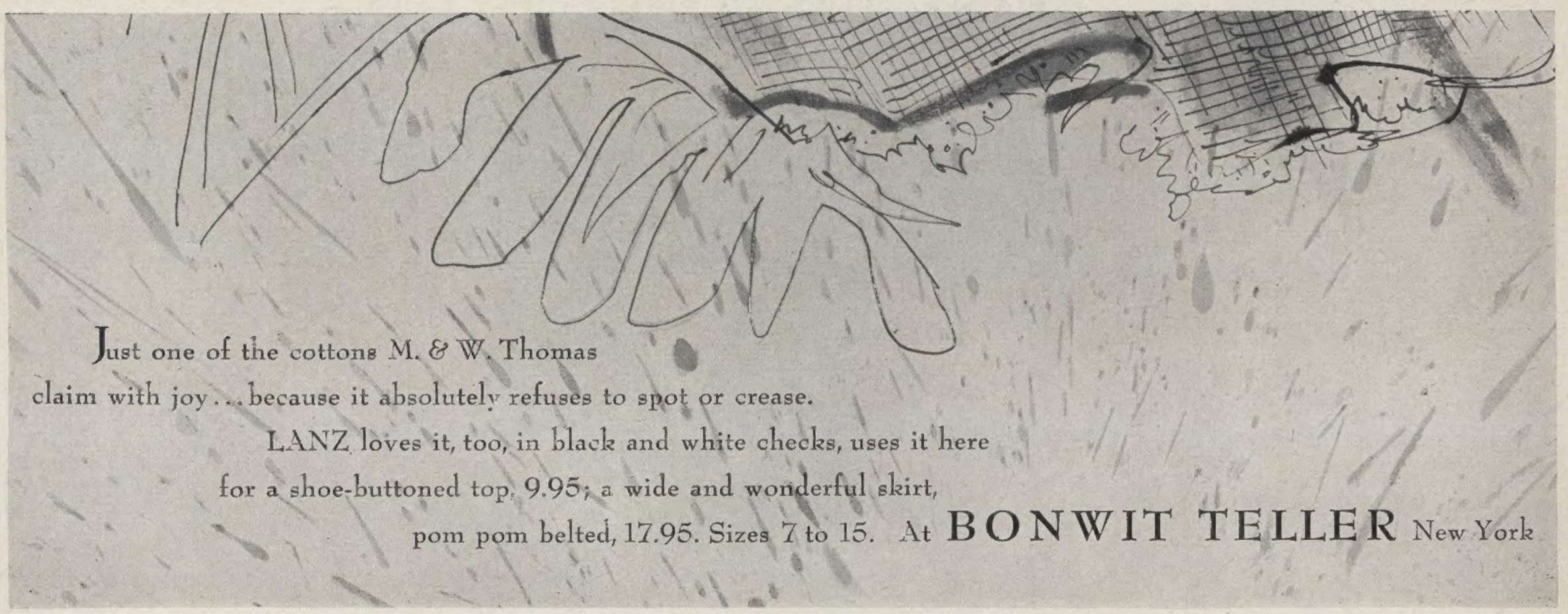
Beauteous

Bendel Original of imported ribbonzine lace...the skirt, a bell for a belle...
silk taffeta flash across bare shoulders to a fabulous flow. Dress—white or black...
Stole—emerald or orange ice...other colors to order. From our Immediate Wear Collection.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



M&W THOMAS *Cottons*



Just one of the cottons M. & W. Thomas
claim with joy . . . because it absolutely refuses to spot or crease.
LANZ loves it, too, in black and white checks, uses it here
for a shoe-buttoned top, 9.95; a wide and wonderful skirt,
pom pom belted, 17.95. Sizes 7 to 15. At **BONWIT TELLER** New York



LANZ DARKLING COTTONS...

BONWIT TELLER

New and now,

our crisp, incomparable junior preferred Thomas cottons.

Handsome navy or gray trimmed with braid, to wear now with a cool look for heat later.

Full skirt with little sleeve, 25.00. The sleeveless, 29.95.

Junior sizes 7 to 15. Mail and phone orders filled.

New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH • PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • FORT LAUDERDALE



S.F.A. CHOOSES RING TAIL LIZARD for Spring's most beautiful underglow. With suits, we like our own handsome shoe cuttings of luminous, peppered-white leather lustrously framed with calf. A) 27.95, B) 25.95, C) 37.95, D) 27.95. Exclusively for our Shoe Collections.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS • DETROIT • PITTSBURGH • PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO • MIAMI BEACH • PALM BEACH • FORT LAUDERDALE

HAT BY TATIANA OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



THE SOPHIE SILK: S. F. A. PRONOUNCEMENT of what looks newest this Spring. All-over softness with panelled flares, rolling neckline, bow-finished pipings — in black, navy, Sophie grey peau de soie. Sizes 8 to 16, 255.00. Exclusively for our Dress Collections.

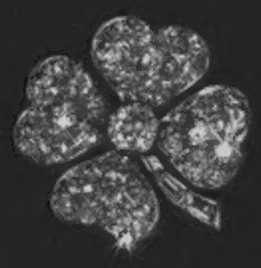
The New Heart-Shaped Diamond...

ETERNAL SYMBOL OF LOVE









- *For her 20th Anniversary—a bracelet with 20 diamond hearts.*
- *"Cupid's Darts" clip.*
- *"Twin Hearts Love Bird" clip.*
- *Earclips of diamond heart petals.*
- *Diamond heart engagement rings.*
- *"Loving Hearts" wedding band.*
- *Diamond Necklace, detachable clip, with heart-shaped diamond.*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • DALLAS • PALM BEACH • NEWPORT • PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE

there is only one you...

there is only one face powder for you...

the one made-to-order exclusively for you by

Charles of the Ritz



COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, NEW YORK • ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



LINKED TO FASHION...IN THE GOLDEN MANNER OF MONET

Beautiful, beautiful bracelets to give you glamour
by the armful! Only Monet is
so lavishly gifted with inspired designing talent.
Each creation bears the Monet signature...your assurance of
the finest workmanship. Wrist to elbow:
left, 15.00, 7.50, 5.00; right, 10.00, 10.00, 12.50, 10.00
(all plus tax).

Monet
master jeweler

AT BETTER STORES

W

wonderful
Worumbo



Wonderful
Worumbo
Woolen

Accessories by Saks Fifth Avenue
© Worumbo Mfg. Co. '54

The Redcoats
Are Coming—hurrah!
And leading the field
is Worumbo's wonderful wool
—concisely cut
by Ben Gershel.
The dress
is Worumbo's sheer wool,
just right
for dresses.

at Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; The Fashion, Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis. Or write: Worumbo, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

Roman Stripe Stockings

garter-point fit



Manufactured by Chipman Knitting Mills Inc., Easton, Pa.

PHOTO, WINGATE PAINE



THE AVENUE...*an original by Evans*

Spirited...elegant...a masterful creation in precious leathers...
in finest fall fashion colors. At the best shops...About $65, plus tax.
Other Evans handbags of elegance, $15 to $100.

Thoughtfully fitted with luxury powder box, lipstick holder, and the famed Evans automatic lighter.

® *Evans is elegance*

EVANS CASE CO., NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS.

QUALITY STYLE

CRAFTSMANSHIP

FORSTMANN

100% VIRGIN WOOL

Look for this label... it identifies the finest woolens in the world

FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY

PASSAIC, N.J.



The portrait silk—

a magnificent swish

of ink-blue silk taffeta!

In our designer collections,

Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York

"THE PEACOCK ALLEY" SILHOUETTE...IN SILK TAFFETA, 115.00



B. ALTMAN & CO.

THIRD FLOOR FASHIONS

"BLACK-OVER-BLUSH"...IMPORTED LACE AND TUCKED MOUSSELINE DE SOIE OVER TAFFETA; 185.00





NEW ORLEANS . . . *orbs of imported porcelain and sparks of fiery rhinestones, a brilliant merger of French and Spanish splendor. In colors of pink quartz, turquoise, amethyst quartz, dream blue.* $5 *to* $20. *Kramer Jewelry, New York, Paris.*

MIRACLE OF THE AGE

The suit with long-distance pleats!

Good news for the girl who's traveling more and more, between town, country—or Continents! The perennially well-groomed suit that defies wrinkles, packs and unpacks—without losing its crisp, clustered pleats. All, due *now*—to a wonderful blending of man-made fiber and worsted! In tiny checks of navy or black-and-white.
10 to 18. 89.95



Peck *and* Peck

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • ATLANTA • WASHINGTON, D. C. • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE



Fine Feathers

NYLON HOSIERY

MILLER-SMITH HOSIERY MILLS • CHATTANOOGA 10, TENNESSEE

Hudson's Woodward Shops

DETROIT'S AVENUE OF FASHION



Less shoe by day—delicate, spiralled on newly proportioned mid-heels, low enough for walking pleasure, whittled enough for beauty. Here, three versions by **PANDORA** in the season's important leathers and colors.

A and B: 23.95 a pair C: 25.00 All in black patent, navy and beechwood calf.

LITTLE GIRLS SHOULD BE SEEN IN

Celeste

FROCKS



"THE YOUNG GUESTS OF THE PARTY were enchanting in billowy white organdies exquisitely sweetened with imported embroideries, laces and sashes."

Left: embroidered organdy with French lace over a blue nylon slip. 3 to 6x $25, 7 to 12 $30. *Center:* richly embroidered scalloped net flounce, over a peach nylon slip. 3 to 6x $28, 7 to 12 $33. *Right:* flower-embroidered borders in delicate pink and green, over a white nylon slip. 3 to 6x $25, 7 to 12 $30, toddler 2 and 3 $23

At better stores or write **CELESTE,** Dept. V-1, 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

The finest washable gloves you can buy are leather-tailored of Crescendoe *Wonder*-Fabric, so *wonder*fully shrinkproof, so *wonder*fully long wearing. *And* such beautiful fashionable styles!

Crescendoe

Gloves by Superb

Entrata, 3.50

Portee, 4.00

Romanza, 5.00



The most exquisite stocking you've ever worn. Whisper-seam, full-fashioned, knitted-to-proportion of Archer's exclusive enerized nylon. Note the white stripes below the garterline—they identify the leg size: TRIM—4 stripes for petite or slim legs; TWEEN—5 stripes for typical or model legs; TAPER—6 stripes for tall or fuller legs.

COPYRIGHT 1954—ARCHER MILLS, INC., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA...350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK



To reflect the new lightened look in fabrics. Like a touch of tinted air—when worn with pale or shocking pink, pinky beiges, violets, white and white background prints. The effect is enchantingly delicate and alluring when worn with navy, black and the important water-ice tones.

Archer

Knitted-to-proportion *Stockings for Lovely Women*

TRIM TWEEN TAPER

It's so easy to check fit with Archer's famous FITLINE®

Dior makes a suit for modern-living...

in country-wise, city-wise, travel-wise

DACRON*



BE SURE TO SEE IT AT . . .

- Bergdorf Goodman, New York
- Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.
- Montaldo's, all stores
- Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and other leading stores

Spanning the season—the classical beauty of the Plaza Athenee, a lightweight spring suit in wool and "Dacron" by Christian Dior-New York, Inc. Because of "Dacron", the elongated petal revers stay crisply alive—the wide, flowing pleats hold their tailored press in a swirl of controlled movement. In the most unpredictable weather, "Dacron" polyester fiber assures a trim, fresh silhouette. Rich navy set off by white piqué facing. Sizes 10-16.

Du Pont makes fibers only—not fabrics or garments

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

**Trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber*

Watch "Cavalcade of America" on Television



Jewels by TRIFARI

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

FRAGONARD... Necklace, thirty-five dollars. Earrings, twenty. Bracelet, not illustrated, twenty. Prices approximate, plus tax.

Design patents pending



"King Midas Touch"

Munsingwear®

"24 Karat" Seamless

Munsingwear borrows the fabulous, magic touch of gold from old King Midas and brings forth stockings glowing with the richness of precious rose-gold . . . new "24 Karat" golden-tone stockings to enhance your new season browns, greens and bright blues. Munsingwear Seamless fit all 3-Dimensions of your legs perfectly: Length, Contour, Foot and ankle. Iris (small) Venus (average) Diana (tall) $1.35 to $1.50

At THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY, DETROIT, *and fine stores everywhere* • *Nylon Stockings* • *Lingerie* • *Foundettes®* • *Vi-bra®*



THE CANDY SHIRT DRESS, 39.95

The kind of poised and perfect shirt dress our Sunningdale Shop is famous for—superlatively tailored in a distinctive white cotton with woven stripes of chartreuse, red and blue. Details, typically DeDe—white-cuffed three-quarter sleeves, newsy mitered collar—concealed side pockets. The beautiful "figure"—characteristic of DeDe's special talent for fit. Sizes 10 to 18.

Mail orders (please add 55c for postage) **Frederick & Nelson, Seattle**

HARVEY BERIN

DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM®
MINNEAPOLIS





It's young—

it's modern—

it's made for your world

Jaspé Tweed

A PACIFIC CRAFT FABRIC

You streamline your home for efficient care—you streamline your time to accomplish more—you streamline your wardrobe for striking, practical clothes you can wear any time, any place. That's why you'll cherish a suit of Pacific's superb Jaspé Tweed. It's so patently Spring '54, and so right wherever you wear it!

Modern designers love the flexibility and resiliency of Jaspé Tweed for the soft suits and costumes so popular this Spring. It has an exciting "tweedy" look, yet is so light and pliable, it conforms beautifully to your figure.

This handsome, all-worsted fabric is created and woven by Pacific Mills, whose 100 years of textile know-how assures you of fabrics that are as dependable as they are smart. The subtle pastel shades of Jaspé Tweed are achieved by yarn-dyed wools in cross-dyed effects. It is also available in natural gray and beige. Suits of Jaspé Tweed are featured at better stores everywhere in junior, misses' and women's sizes and in various price ranges.

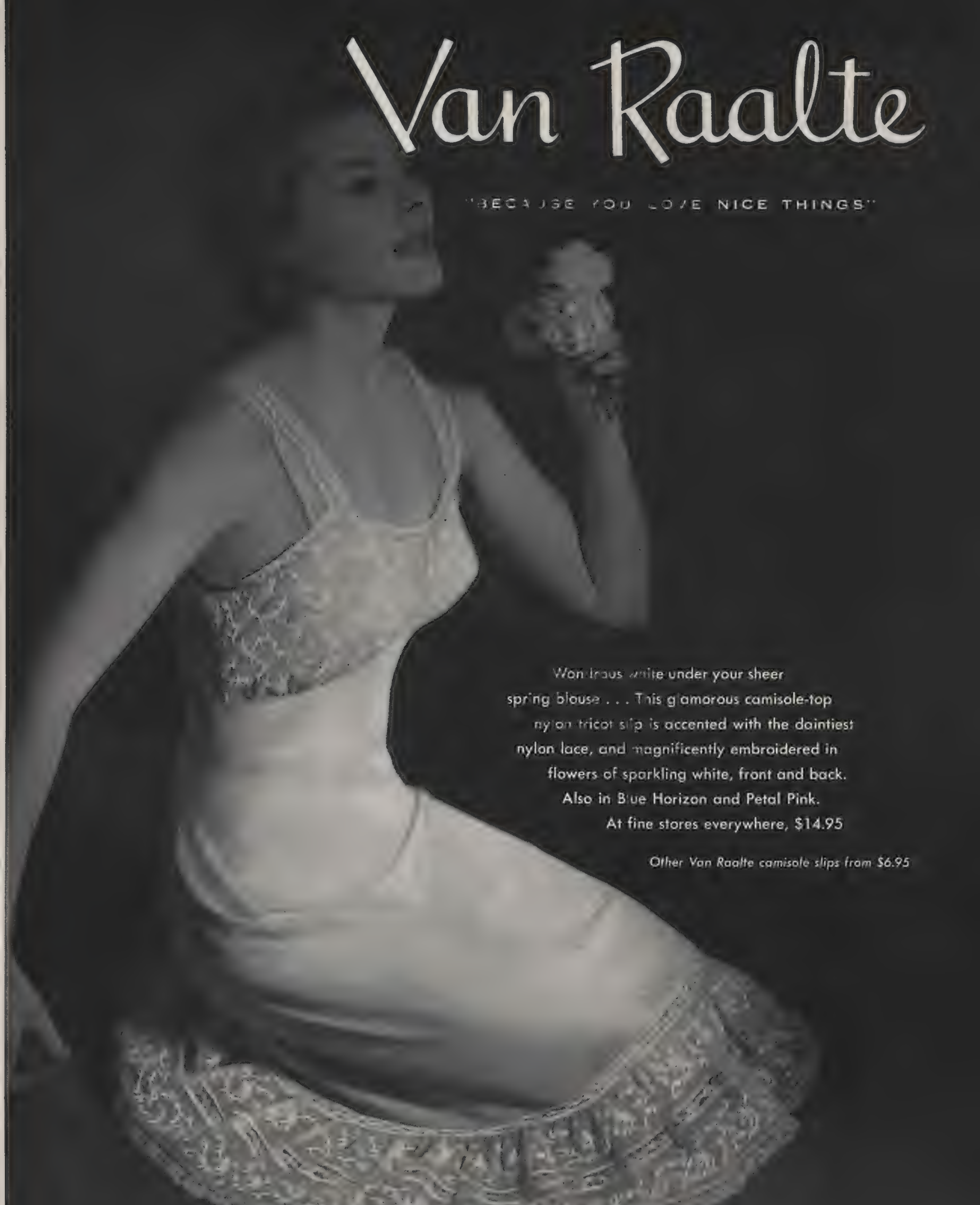
The Pacific Craft label is your assurance of fabric quality!

PACIFIC Craft Fabrics for Young Women

Pacific Mills, Craft Fabric Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Van Raalte

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



Won'drous white under your sheer spring blouse . . . This glamorous camisole-top nylon tricot slip is accented with the daintiest nylon lace, and magnificently embroidered in flowers of sparkling white, front and back. Also in Blue Horizon and Petal Pink.

At fine stores everywhere, $14.95

Other Van Raalte camisole slips from $6.95

—AND VAN RAALTE IS FAMOUS FOR GLOVES AND STOCKINGS TOO!

Spring-summer suit Exhibition

Left: Fine line drawing in STONECUTTER'S Wondercord®
(49% cotton, 33% rayon and 18% Chromspun for color that won't come out). Armo
construction. Wear with your own blouse or a tie like this. Blue, brown or red corded with white.
Right: A bright, light motif embroidered on the collar of this suit
in MALLINSON'S rayon Cruisaline.® Armo construction
and hand-made button holes. Charcoal,
navy, brown or green. In sizes 10
to 20, each $25.00. *Both*
slightly higher in the West.



Best & Co. | *J. W. Robinson* | *Carson, Pirie & Scott* | *A. Harris*
NEW YORK | LOS ANGELES | CHICAGO | DALLAS

by David Crystal

Left: Sculptured curves in CONDADO cloth® of rayon and acetate. Armo construction and hand-made buttonholes. Blue, gray, navy, black or white. Sizes 10 to 16, $25.00.

Right: Framed collar and cuffs on a dotted picture-suit of MALLINSON'S rayon Cruisaline.® Armo construction and hand-made buttonholes. Black on beige, white on charcoal or navy. Sizes 10 to 18, $29.95. *Both slightly higher in the West.*



Best & Co. — NEW YORK | *J. W. Robinson* — LOS ANGELES | *Carson, Pirie & Scott* — CHICAGO | *A. Harris* — DALLAS



Where perfection is traditional

Here you'll find generous, skillfully prepared cocktails . . . an excellent cuisine . . . served in the congenial atmosphere of the original Polo Club.

Polo Bar and Lounge

HOTEL *Westbury*

MADISON AT 69th NEW YORK CITY

A KNOTT HOTEL

JOHN C. SANDHAM, *Manager*

HAVE YOU EVER PASSED A QUEEN IN THE NIGHT

If not, turn to Page 152 of this Issue.

Cunard will gladly send you a full-color reproduction of this unusual painting of the superliner Queen Elizabeth, with all advertising matter deleted, in 18″ x 22″ size suitable for framing. Just mail the coupon below.

Cunard Line, 25 Broadway, New York 4

Please send me a free copy of the painting of the Queen Elizabeth.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ N

CUNARD

THE GADABOUT'S GUIDE ABOUT BEAUTY

Good news, here, for the light traveller: a proof that the make-up, the fragrances, the complexion treatments she is used to here—are usually *there*. There's no point in lugging a whole trip's-span of beauty along with her—she can save the space for other necessaries and flippancies. The world-wide demand for American cosmetics is a great compliment to them: to their variety, their ingenuity, *and* their results. This is a demand so great that many of the more famous cosmetics are manufactured in several far-flung countries for easy and inexpensive distribution to other nearby countries and cities. And many American salons have branches in all the principal cities of the world—where the American traveller can have her accustomed facials, body massage, and coiffures. For instance:

Elizabeth Arden products are not only sold in cities all over the globe—but she has busy treatment salons in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Nice, Paris, Milan, Rome, Madrid, Zurich, London, Casablanca, six cities in Australia, to name a few. All have the famous Elizabeth Arden signature: a pretty elegance and people whom Miss Arden has taught her own devoted enthusiasm for making women look their most beautiful. . . . Revlon's brilliant colour palette is used for painting the lips and nails of women in ninety-eight countries. . . . Germaine Monteil (once French, but all her business life an American) makes her striking perfumes in France—sells them abroad. Her famous make-up, her dependable complexion products will soon be made and sold there, too. . . . If the light traveller likes her hair anything but the colour it grows, she will find the excellent Roux shades as flattering and as matchable no matter where she gets them—and that would be in the salons and shops of many countries.

Helena Rubinstein has salons in Buenos Aires, Sydney, Rio de Janeiro, Toronto, London, and Paris. Her products are sold all over the map, and her interest in them carries her all over ditto, constantly. Once, bound to some remote cosmetic outpost, she said of herself, as she sat wrapped in her notable furs, her tiny feet tucked up on a case of her famous jewels, and rubbing shoulders with some peasants in a reeking, creaking railway car—"I am really a gipsy." This elegant roamer keeps her people and her products up to her meticulous standards by her constant personal supervision. . . . Michel, whose much-publicized hair departments are in six large American cities (most of them in Helena Rubinstein Salons), has two places in Paris for devotees: one at the new Helena Rubinstein address, and one under his own name, Michel Kazan—this last a crystal-and-mirror jewel box on the Place du Théâtre Français. . . . Richard Hudnut's products (one of the oldest cosmetics firms, this) are sold in a hundred countries (*are* there that many?); they have a shop in Paris on the rue de la Paix, and a salon in Mexico City, for their excellent facial and body treatments.

Memo from British Vogue's beauty editor: "Peggy Sage has the reputation for the best manicures in London, so it is not easy to get an appointment there. But if travellers from the States call and mention having read *this*, the salon will do their best to fit them in. . . . Charles of the Ritz has their powder-blending service in most of the big stores in London and in the provinces. . . . The top London hairdressers are, currently: Raymond (three salons—each with a scalp clinic) whose specialties are bleaches, tints, temporary high-light colours. Riché, of Hay Hill, is a peaceful salon with a special shampoo followed by an English lager beer rinse. René, of 30 Davies Street, is the newest salon—and it's thronged with pretty models. Steiner, who does superb colour work and custom-designed coiffures. French of London, who loves casual hair arrangements, has a salon boasting full restaurant service and a sunny veranda overlooking Hyde Park. . . . The Helena Rubinstein Salon on Grafton Street is a magnificent house built in 1750, and was a favourite haunt of that early American traveller Benjamin Franklin (diplomacy, *not* facials). . . . The Cyclax Salon has one of the best body treatments—a wax bath followed by a body massage. . . . The sun never sets on Yardley. Americans are only one nationality used to finding, right at hand, the delicious and ancient Lavender Water and Soap, the crisp perfumes, the pretty make-up. But the mother-salon of the whole Yardley world empire is right in 33 Old Bond Street. . . . The Elizabeth Arden Salon is in one of the oldest buildings in Old Bond Street. They have a wonderful Top-to-toe treatment that costs 3½ hours' time, and 3½ guineas currency."

Some American women like to smell French. This makes them not at all unique—as most women in most countries like to smell French, too. So, the perfume the traveller thinks her own special radiance, can often be found in shops wherever. Since the natural habitat of fine perfumes is Paris, most of the fragrances are beautifully housed there. Christian Dior sells his "Miss Dior" and "Diorama" in his *boutique* and has unusual lipstick colours not sold here. . . . Schiaparelli's *boutique* shows off her "Shocking" and "Sleeping" to good advantage. . . . Lenthéric has a pretty *boutique* for accessories in Paris; initiates travellers in a special French *maquillage*—and, of course, displays and sprays their fragrances. . . . Caron's beautiful perfumes are *chez* in a shop on the Place Vendôme. And Americans will enjoy the variety of their unusual lipstick shades, not known here. They make an excellent, packable cleanser, "Le Démaquillant Crème," which comes in a tube; and a silken powder foundation called, forthrightly enough, "Sous Poudre." Caron imports these last two to this

(Continued on page 150)

here is where you can buy



MARTEX

"Racquet Club" towels

Akron, Ohio	The Yeager Company
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Robinson's-Beverly
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Gattle's
Dallas, Texas	Titche Goettinger Co.
Detroit, Mich.	The Linen Closet
Elizabeth, N. J.	Levy Bros.
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer
Fresno, Calif.	Cooper's
Houston, Texas	Levy's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Robinson's-Downtown
Louisville, Ky.	The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Schuster's
Newark, Ohio	The J. J. Carroll Co.
New York, New York	R. H. Macy & Co.
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	McCurdy & Co., Inc.
St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
San Diego, Calif.	Jordan Marsh
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Isaac Long
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss-Hirshberg's

the clean, brisk look for spring . . .

MARTEX

Racquet Club towels

Spruced up and sparkling . . .
that's the effect Martex
Racquet Club has on your room
and your spirits. A clean-cut
patterned terry you can play up
alone, or pair with coordinated
solid colors. Nutmeg, aquamist,
avocado, azalea, lilac, charcoal.
Bath size about $2.98.
At the stores listed opposite.
Martex, 65 Worth Street,
New York 13.
Products of West Point
Manufacturing Company.




the
Chic
of
cultured
Pigskin...
typically
DE LISO
designed by PALTER/DeLISO
dels
St Louis, New York, Paris, London



There's a world of difference in knits that wash anywhere !

Now smart stores are showing knit dresses of "Orlon" that like to travel as much as you do—and go as easily. World trippers will tell you how these knits keep sliver slim (with no pampering!) . . . through packing from New York to Rome . . . through miles of train sitting and plane sitting . . . even (thank heavens!) through "hotel-room laundering."

You'll find Du Pont "Orlon" makes knits nicer than ever, any time, anywhere. It's one of the ways "Orlon" acrylic fiber fits your modern-living needs.

Shown here, sheath dress with jacket from Goldworm. Choose natural with black, or natural with navy. About seventy dollars. In New York at Bonwit Teller; Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott; Dallas, Neiman-Marcus; California and Seattle, I. Magnin; and at other fine stores everywhere.

"Orlon" is Du Pont's trade-mark for its acrylic fiber

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make fabrics or garments.

Orlon®

ACRYLIC FIBER

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING

. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



dawnelle drama!

Your fingers will linger long and lovingly
in these Dawnelle gloves . . . their airy touches add so much
costume charm! Slenderly shaped and
completely hand-sewn with custom finesse.
In Dawnelle's soap-and-water-loving
Elvette*, "the envy of the doe."

dawnelle inc., 16 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y. *Reg

BERMUDA SHORTS BY EVAN-PICONE · BELT BY CALDERON

When there's a man in the picture...

Adelaar

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

The most fashionable thievery around . . . beautiful shirts swiped collar to cuffs from your male admirers. Adelaar designed them to make you look all the more feminine, with every collar style there is! In a bevy of imported and domestic cottons: white on whites, lightweight linens, woven batistes, fine Pimas, woven dimities . . . in plains, patterns, checks, stripes, polka dots and more. All impeccably detailed with single-needle stitching, precise back pleats, French or barrel cuffs. Sizes 10 to 18, just $5.00 to $8.00.* For store nearest you, write Adelaar, 525 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Hudson's, Detroit;
J. W. Robinson, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Halle Bros., Cleveland;
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Roos Bros., San Francisco.

Helena Rubinstein's Cologne Foam gives you both fragrance and body-smoothing—in one new whipped cream formula

COLOGNE FOAM is Helena Rubinstein's exciting new discovery for the body beautiful. It looks like fluffy clouds of whipped cream, and feels like softest ermine on your skin. Actually creamy Cologne Foam is a luxurious skin smoother, brimming with beauty balms and blossomy fragrance. Smooth it down your arms, on your elbows, your legs, heels and ankles, and onto your shoulders . . . all over. One cream puff after bathing gives your entire body a new surface of exquisite scent and softness. Helena Rubinstein® makes COLOGNE FOAM in her four treasured fragrances: Command Performance; Heaven-Sent; White Magnolia; and Apple Blossom Time. Pretty spill-proof dispenser holds enough whipped-cream fluff for months, 2.75. ©1954 Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. *Price plus tax.*




Pierre Balmain's
exquisite French lace costume
from his New York collection.



if it's unexpected, expect it from

ANNE FOGARTY

Anne Fogarty's captivating traveler or important stay-at-home dress in penciled plaid tissue weight cotton—lighter than silk and wrinkle free by M. & W. Thomas—has a double-dash bow and great flow of skirt. Grey pewter only. Sizes 5 to 15. About $40. LORD & TAYLOR, New York • BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, Los Angeles JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia • NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas, and other fine stores everywhere. Beautifully fashioned by Margot, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York.



LORD & TAYLOR NEW YORK CRICKET WEST KANSAS CITY RICH'S ATLANTA SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY ST. LOUIS

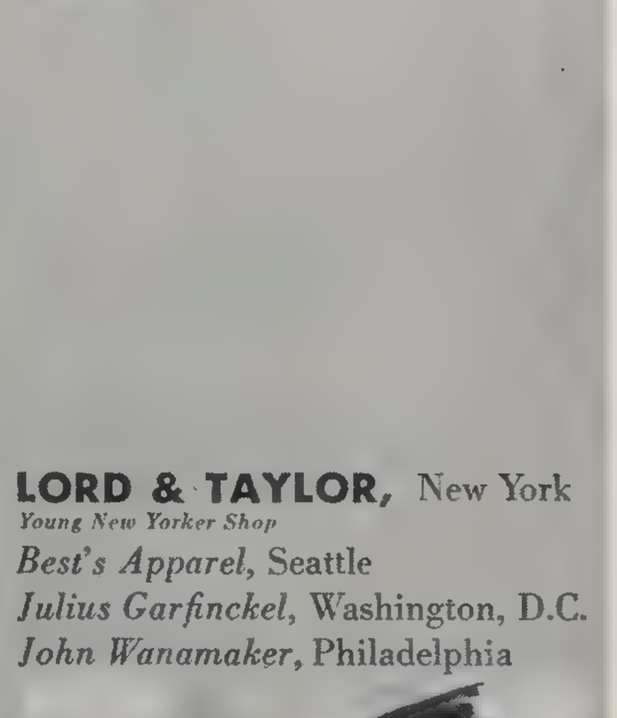
Jerry Greenwald

The "Bon Voyage" Black Sheath

In ebony black Thomas cotton . . . sizes 7 to 15, about $35.

At the fine stores listed, or write to: Jerry Greenwald, Inc., 1400 Broadway, N. Y. 16,

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
Young New Yorker Shop
Best's Apparel, Seattle
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

Goldworm
originals



Travel-tempo cotton knit . . .
completely washable.
In natural, black, white. About $35
At these fine stores, or write to
Goldworm Sportswear Corp.,
1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS

LORD & TAYLOR, New York, *I. Magnin*, California, *Carson, Pirie Scott*, Chicago, *Himelhoch's*, Detroit
Young New Yorker Shop

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

VOGUE'S SCHOOL & CAMP DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School & Camp Bureau,
420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, or call LE 2-7500

Boys' & Girls' Camps

CAMP ARDEN

Offers through the study of drama, fine arts, dancing, singing, a means of developing poise, cooperation & self-discipline. Swimming, hikes, picnics, games, archery. 30 boys & girls 9 up. 8 weeks. **Mrs. Elsa Oiesen-Bement, Miss Doris Glaenzer, Brattleboro, Vt.**

INDIAN ACRES-FOREST ACRES

Separate camps 2 mi. apart in the White Mts. 30 years of prestige in camplife at its best. Treasure-Cove for Littlefolks. Finest facilities. All sports, arts, golf, trips, riding & ranchlife. **1125 The Parkway, Chestnut Hill 67, Massachusetts**

SUNDOWN RANCHES

Aripine, Arizona — Altitude 6500 feet

Separate ranches for 33 boys and 28 girls, ages 13-17. Pack trips to Grand Canyon and Indian Reservations. Each ranch-camper given young horse to train. 29th year on operating cattle ranch.

Mr. & Mrs. John H. Murnin
9 Cleveland Drive, Croton-on-Hudson, New York

Girls' Camps

SKYLAND CAMP FOR GIRLS

Ages 8-17. Clyde, N. C. 37th season. Eastern entrance to Great Smokies at 3000 ft. Companionship, fun, adventure, outdoor living, learning. 75 campers. Nurse. Bklt. E. **Helen H. Harris & Frances Harris Brown, 2137 Herschel St., Jacksonville 4, Florida.**

LAKE GREELEY POCONO MT.

Greeley, Pa. Girls 6-17. Fee includes 2 hrs. riding daily, trips, crafts, laundry, dancing, music, drama, riflery, nature, land & water sports. Flexible program. 8 wks. or month. 34th yr. Tel. MIdway 2-5636. Catalog: **Carl A. Hummel, Wynnewood 8, Pa.**

CAMP COWASSET

Summer of fun on Cape Cod. All salt water sports, sailing, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, crafts, music, dancing, dramatics. Trips. Log cabins in spicy pines. Ages 5-16, 4 groups. 39th yr. Catalog. **Beatrice V. Hunt, Dir., Holbrook, Massachusetts.**

PENKO

WINTHROP, MAINE

Seventy-five girls 6-16. Horseback riding and water sports. Modern camp homes. Numerous trips. Many electives. Address: **Mr. & Mrs. F. V. Penley, Directors, 76 Newport Ave., West Hartford, Connecticut.**

OGONTZ WHITE MT. CAMP

In New Hampshire. Girls 6-18. 750 acres on mountain lake. Rustic cabins. Swimming, sailing, canoeing, aquaplaning; form & trail riding; tennis, hockey, golf; art, crafts, music, dramatics. Trips. **Abby A. Sutherland, Box 300, Ogontz Center, Pa.**

TEELA-WOOKET

The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun, adventure! Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Dramatics, crafts. Trips. $352-$440, no extras. Outfit may be rented. **Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Roys, 38 Ordway Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

brownledge

Mallett's Bay Vermont

"One of America's finest camps." Free daily riding for every girl. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, trail riding, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics. Water skiing. Special acting group and theatre. Tennis, golf, riflery, archery, crafts, swimming, trips. 150 selected girls. *One tuition covers all.* Booklet. Give age. "Complete and different camp."

HORSES CHRIS CRAFT Aquaplaning

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brown
Box V-286
East Weymouth 89, Mass.

Travel

CROW'S NEST TRIPS TO EUROPE

Spend the whole summer, 1954 (our 7th) touring Europe with Language Teacher & French wife. **D. R. Hart, Jr., 7326 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.**

A NEW CONCEPT IN EUROPEAN TRAVEL

21 days at CAPRI includes Ballet, Painting, Galas, Operas, Fetes, Folk Dancing, Concerts. Visit Lisbon, Barcelona, Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, Pompeii, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, Aix Les Bains, Dijon, Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo, Grasse, Cannes, Palermo. 1st Class travel. July 10 to Sept. 2. **Available for only 25 girls.**

All expenses $1640. *Write for Brochure.*

W. V. LEWIS
The Chalet Travel Camp, Westport, Conn.

Boys' Camp

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS

1893. Lake Temagami, Ontario. Boys 10-18. Native guides. Adventurous camping, excellent fishing. Tennis, baseball, sailing, shooting, other base camp activities between trips. Adult camp nearby. Catalog. **Howard V. Chivers, Hanover, N. H.**

Girls' Schools

GRIER SCHOOL

In the Alleghenies. Accredited College Preparation and General Courses. Home atmosphere for girls, grades 8-12. Music, Art, Typing. Exceptional Riding. Winter, team sports. 1000 acres. Gym, pool. 102nd yr. **Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Grier, Box 63, Tyrone, Pa.**

SOUTHERN SEMINARY

And Junior College. Accredited Jr. College & H. S. Blue Ridge Mts. of Virginia. Music, Art, Drama, Home Ec., Phys. Ed., Sec'l. Merchandising. Kindergarten Tr. Equitation. 88th Yr. **Margaret Durham Robey, Pres., Box 103-V, Buena Vista, Va.**

KEMPER HALL

Episcopal. Boarding & Day. Thorough college preparation and spiritual training. Music, Art, Dramatics and Homemaking Courses. All sports. Junior School Dept. Beautiful Lake Shore Campus. 50 miles from Chicago. 84th year. Address **Box V, Kenosha, Wis.**

Boys' School

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

"At the Nation's Shrine"

prepare your boy to enter leading colleges and at the same time be trained for a commission in the Armed Services. Small classes, highest academic standards. College Prep. and Jr. College, ages 12-20; all sports. Arty., Cav., Infantry, Band, Senior Division ROTC. Catalog.
Box H, Wayne, Pa.

Fine & Applied Arts

FASHION ACADEMY



THE SCHOOL OF FAMOUS GRADUATES
FASHION DESIGN • ILLUSTRATION • STYLING
DRAPING • CLOTHES CONSTRUCTION • BUYING

Today the young woman with a well-trained fashion perspective and good style sense finds newer and greater opportunities. Intensive fashion training. Direction **Mrs. EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN.** Limited enrollment requires early reservation. Scholarships available. For resident enrollments request Book 4, Home Study Book 4H.
812 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 21 • TEmpleton 8-0440

Retailing

TOBÉ-COBURN

SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS

Merchandising, advertising, fashion writing, radio, TV, photography styling. One and Two Year Courses. Store work with pay. Placement service. Begins Sept. 1. Catalog A. **851 Madison Avenue, New York 21.**

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Write Registrar, Rm. 203. Intensive 1 yr. course Fashion Merchandising incl. Buying, Modeling, Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Attractive dorm for girls.

LABORATORY INSTITUTE

OF MERCHANDISING

For fashion careers in merchandising, TV, reporting, advertising. 1-Yr. Course for girls with at least 1 yr. college. 2-Yr. Course for H.S. grads. Store work with pay. Catalog V. **45 W. 34 St., New York 1.**

Fine & Applied Arts

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE

Starts July 12th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. *Send for Catalog S*
Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. *Send for Catalog C*
29 East 72nd St., New York 21, N. Y.

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *FOR RESULTS*



Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
FASHION ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION
Beginners & Advanced, Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!*
Drawing, Pattern, Dressmaking, Int. Decor., Display.
Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class.
Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

School and Camp Information . . . . .

gathered by Vogue's staff, is available without charge. If you need help in finding the right place for your child, fill in coupon and mail to Vogue's School & Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17.

Please indicate interest in camps_____ or schools_____

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Daughter_____ Son_____ Age____

Special interests_____

Previous camp or school_____ Grade____

Location preferred_____ Approximate fee____

3-15-54

Here are some of the many stores where you can buy MUKLUKS and SKULKUMS shown on the opposite page

Phoenix, Arizona	Goldwater's
Tucson, Arizona	Albert Steinfeld's
Tucson, Arizona	Levy's
Birmingham, Alabama	Burger-Philips
Los Angeles, California	May Co. (all stores)
Los Angeles, California	Bullock's (all stores)
Los Angeles, California	Broadway (all stores)
Los Angeles, California	J. W. Robinson
Pasadena, California	Nash's
Long Beach, California	Buffum's
Long Beach, California	Columbia, Inc.
San Diego, California	Walkers
San Bernardino, California	Harris Company
Bakersfield, California	Brock's
Bakersfield, California	Weill's Inc.
Fresno, California	Gottschalk's
Fresno, California	Cooper's
San José, California	Hales, Inc.
San José, California	L. Hart & Son
San Francisco, California	Emporium
San Francisco, California	Macy's
San Francisco, California	Whitehouse
San Francisco, California	Sommer & Kaufman
Oakland, California	Kahn's
Oakland, California	H. C. Capwell
Berkeley, California	J. F. Hink
Sacramento, California	Weinstock-Lubin
Sacramento, California	Hale's
Denver, Colorado	May Co.
Denver, Colorado	Denver Dry Goods
Washington, D. C.	Wm. Hahn & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D. C.	Lansburgh's
Jacksonville, Florida	Cohen Bros.
Atlanta, Georgia	Rich's
Chicago, Illinois	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Rockford, Illinois	Charles Weise & Co.
Rockford, Illinois	D. J. Stewart
Indianapolis, Indiana	L. S. Ayres
LaFayette, Indiana	Loebs
Fort Wayne, Indiana	Wolf & Dessauer
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker's
Dubuque, Iowa	Roshek's
Sioux City, Iowa	T. S. Martin
Hutchinson, Kansas	Wiley Dry Goods
Wichita, Kansas	Buck's
Louisville, Kentucky	Stewart Dry Goods
Portland, Maine	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
Baltimore, Maryland	Hutzler Bros.
Baltimore, Maryland	Isaac Hamberger
Baltimore, Maryland	May Co.
Boston, Massachusetts	Jay's
Springfield, Massachusetts	Forbes & Wallace
Detroit, Michigan	J. L. Hudson
Detroit, Michigan	Crowley-Milner
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Wurzberg's
Kalamazoo, Michigan	Gilmore Bros.
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Dayton's (Rochester)
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Donaldson's (Rochester)
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Power's
St. Paul, Minnesota	Field Schlick
St. Paul, Minnesota	Golden Rule
St. Paul, Minnesota	Schuneman's
Duluth, Minnesota	Glass Block Store
Kansas City, Missouri	Emery-Bird-Thayer
Springfield, Missouri	Herr's
St. Louis, Missouri	Famous Barr
St. Louis, Missouri	Stix-Baer-Fuller
Omaha, Nebraska	Kilpatrick's
Omaha, Nebraska	J. L. Brandeis Co.
Lincoln, Nebraska	Gold & Co.
Newark, New Jersey	Kresge-Newark
New York City, New York	B. Altman Co.
New York City, New York	Stern's
Buffalo, New York	Adam-Meldrum and Anderson
Syracuse, New York	Dey Bros.
Syracuse, New York	C. E. Chappel & Son
Rochester, New York	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rochester, New York	McCurdy & Co.
Jamaica, New York	B. Gertz
Ithaca, New York	Irv. Lewis
North Carolina	Belk Stores (All Stores)
Charlotte, North Carolina	Efried's
Greensboro, North Carolina	Ellis Stone
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Wm. Taylor
Cleveland, Ohio	Sterling, Lindner & Davis
Columbus, Ohio	Morehouse Fashion Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	John Shillito
Cincinnati, Ohio	Rollman's
Akron, Ohio	M. O'Neil Co.
Akron, Ohio	A. Polsky
Dayton, Ohio	Elder Johnson
Dayton, Ohio	Johnson-Sheldon Co.
Tulsa, Oklahoma	Brown-Dunkin
Tulsa, Oklahoma	Vandevers
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	Kerr's
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank
Portland, Oregon	Olds-Wortman-King
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Strawbridge & Clothier
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Geutings
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	Bonwit Teller
South Carolina	Belk Stores (All Stores)
Greenville, South Carolina	Ivey Keith
Columbia, South Carolina	Haltwanger's
Nashville, Tennessee	Cain-Sloan
Memphis, Tennessee	J. Goldsmith's
Memphis, Tennessee	B. Lowenstein
Knoxville, Tennessee	Miller's
Chattanooga, Tennessee	Loveman's
Chattanooga, Tennessee	Miller Bros.
El Paso, Texas	Whitehouse
Dallas, Texas	A. Harris
Dallas, Texas	Titche-Goettinger
Ft. Worth, Texas	Fair Dept. Store
Ft. Worth, Texas	Monnings
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's on the Alamo
Houston, Texas	Foley Bros.
Houston, Texas	Levy's, Inc.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z. C. M. I.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Auerbach's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Paris Co.
Richmond, Virginia	Thalhimer's
Norfolk, Virginia	Hofheimer's
Norfolk, Virginia	Smith & Welton's
Norfolk, Virginia	Rice's
Roanoke, Virginia	Heironimus
Roanoke, Virginia	Paugh's
Tacoma, Washington	Rhodes Bros.
Seattle, Washington	Bon Marche
Seattle, Washington	Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Washington	Crescent Dept. Store
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Schuster's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Boston Store (Oshkosh & Manitowoc)
Racine, Wisconsin	Zahn's
Madison, Wisconsin	Manchester's
Appleton, Wisconsin	Prange's

Clothes and Accessories by B. Altman & Co.

SKULKUMS... *fashions for fun in the open*

Freshest find of the season! Leisure loving foam-soled playtimers so resortful they go gayly to fun and sun anywhere. Seasons of sudsing won't blur their bold fashion talk colors or steal their comfort conscious ways. Petty cash gives you a pair—to understudy any casual costume with sure allure.

GREEK KEY print or sun-struck solids.

CAPRI hand-crocheted Muk Luk with pony tail.

CABANA SCUFF in resort-keyed prints or terry.

GLITTER SLIPPER Muk Luk crocheted in gold mesh.

GLAD-ABOUT Muk Luk with gold-sprinkled trim.

MUK LUKS... *for fun at home*

Home show-offs in season commuting styles—lavished with hand embroidery. Full fashioned to fit snug as a hug and keep their wardrobe-wise ways. Whisper weight wool and glove soft leather soles cushioned with lamb shearling, wash without a worry.

HARLEQUIN SAILOR print or surf 'n sand solids.

MUK LUKS and SKULKUMS *right at home...or away!*

Products of the HANDCRAFT CO. of Princeton, Wisconsin

FIT for the entire family. About $3 to $6.

Make a date with Nobility Plate* -in the quiet of your home..



Dynamic Dorothy Kilgallen

"My Nobility Plate is lovely," says Dorothy Kilgallen (Mrs. Richard Kollmar in private life). "I'm so proud to entertain with it. The beautiful design—perfect in every detail —is enough to make *any* woman agree."

Your table can be just as lovely . . . win just as much praise as Dorothy Kilgallen's. And you'll be as *individual* by selecting Nobility Plate. You see, Nobility is sold *only* by invitation, in your own home . . . *after* you've been sponsored for membership in your local Nobility Club.

As Miss Kilgallen points out, "The best place to choose the things *for* your home is *in* your home." That's where you can compare and select unhurriedly . . . leisurely. And you'll learn about the unique Nobility Plan . . . how you can actually use and enjoy your silver while you save for it, and even receive *additional* place settings without paying a penny more. Ask a friend who already belongs to the Nobility Club to sponsor you for membership, or write—

Empire Crafts Corporation • Newark, New York State

P. S. from DOROTHY KILGALLEN

"I am impressed with the earning opportunities, the pleasant work and what a Nobility Plate career has meant to hundreds of fine women. By all means write Empire Crafts if you have and drive a car, and are interested in full or part time work."

*TRADEMARK



cool observer

Seashore-cool, drawing-room-smart, *Driftwood* is Lebow's exclusive English import for men: lightweight flannel, nubbed for surface interest, soft-tailored in the appealing new natural shoulder look.

The Lady Says "Yes"...
Lebow
CLOTHES

DRESS: ADELE SIMPSON PHOTO: STEPHEN COLHOUN

A few of the stores where Lebow Clothes are sold. For other dealers write Lebow Bros., Inc., Balto. 2, Md. • New York City, N. Y., LORD & TAYLOR • Albany, New York, McMANUS & RILEY
Atlanta, Georgia, RICH'S Store for Men • Baltimore, Maryland, HUTZLER'S • Birmingham, Alabama, BURGER-PHILLIPS
Charlotte, N. Carolina, BELK BROTHERS • Denver, Colorado, DANIELS & FISHER
Detroit, Michigan, WHALING'S • Fort Wayne, Indiana, WOLF & DESSAUER • Fort Worth, Texas, WASHER BROS.
Kansas City, Missouri, WOOLF BROS. • Los Angeles, California, ROBINSON'S
New Orleans, Louisiana, PORTER'S, INC. • Philadelphia, Penna., JOHN WANAMAKER
San Antonio, Texas, FRANK BROTHERS • San Francisco, California, ROOS BROS.
Savannah, Georgia, MORRIS LEVY'S • Seattle, Washington, LITTLER'S • Tulsa, Oklahoma, CLARKE'S



The fresh importance of
the Straw Shoe . . . now black
and prettily decorated.

At top, the **Paradise Sandal,**
jewelled with jet.
Below, the **Paradise Kitten**
prettily embroidered with beading.

Paradise shoes

For store nearest you write Brauer Bros. Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.



WEAR-RIGHT GLOVES, INC., 244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Maxwell "Toujours" Pure Silk Prints, newsworthy in navy,
crisply flecked with varying flakes of white. Flared tunic over stalk-slim skirt,
about $90. Three-piece costume with the blouse jewel-buttoned, about $110. Both, 8 to 16.

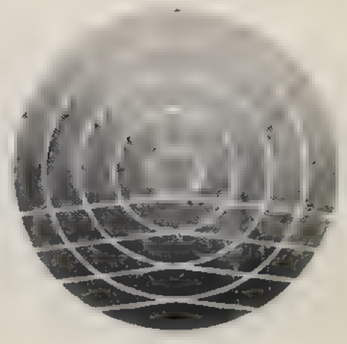
JAY THORPE, NEW YORK • *MARSHALL FIELD*, CHICAGO • *FAMOUS BARR*, ST. LOUIS • *BONWIT TELLER*, PHILADELPHIA

See page 150 for additional stores

for beauty in action . . . there's no brassiere like a

Marja brassiere





The secret of Beauty
lies in the Stitching



Quite a racket . . . the way you look so much lovelier in Marja, *the Hi-A beauty brassiere.*

The secret . . . Marja's "singles" and "doubles" . . . single stitching on top for comfort, double stitching underneath for firm, gentle uplift. The exclusive stitching goes in, round and out — right through the top fabric to the fine net lining inside. Skinner's nylon satin and embroidered nylon sheer, A, B, C cups, with V-cut or conventional neckline, about 4.00

At your favorite store, or write **MARJA BRASSIERES • JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS**

FLORSHEIM BLUE SHOES

ARE
FASHION
NEWS
!



The Tattoo



$14.95 to $16.95

a few styles slightly higher



The Tangent



The Harmony

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS



Richelieu Pearls

SIMULATED

in Chiffon-sheen colors

ARE YOU A PEARL LOVER?
Then, you must see these new, beautiful creations of simulated baroque pearls with a rich, soft pearl sheen.
So alluring they will fascinate you.
In 6 chiffon colors, white, pink, blue, beige, grey and charcoal.
All items shown actual size.
At better stores everywhere.
All prices plus tax.

The Richelieu label is your guarantee

For the name of the store nearest you write: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., 389 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y., N. Y.

Going Places with **Van Raalte**

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"



HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS



"BAL TABARIN" in Van Raalte's exclusive handsewn nylon Vandoe®.....$3.50



"CAIRO," shortie in handsewn nylon Vandoe —with dainty fagoting.....$2.50



"VERONA," longer nylon Vandoe slip-on, hand-embroidered $3.00

"RIO" (left), nylon Vandoe with hand-embroidered eyelets and French knots.....$3.00

All wonderfully washable—
guaranteed non-shrinkable.

—AND VAN RAALTE IS FAMOUS FOR STOCKINGS AND UNDERTHINGS, TOO!

"Trend" – the convenient ladies' billfold

by Rolfs



SINGLE POCKET • QUICK ACCESSIBILITY
BOTH COINS AND BILLS



AMPLE PHOTO WINGS • EASILY REPLACED



SPARKLING "JEWELED TABS"
MANY LEATHERS • MANY COLORS

at better stores everywhere

$3.50 and up

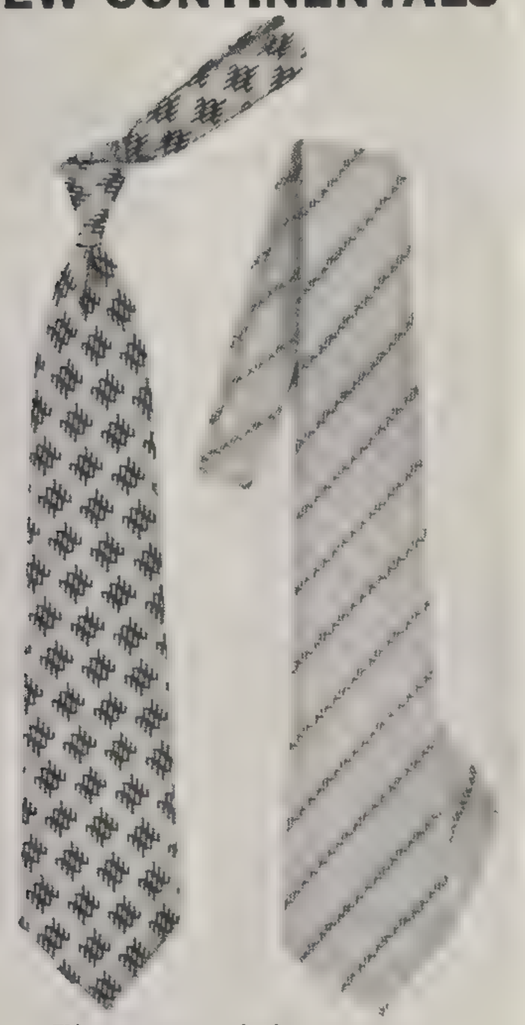
Rolfs 330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

Division of Amity Leather Products Co.

Easter, April 18th

Spring's handsomest ties . . .

SULKA'S NEW CONTINENTALS



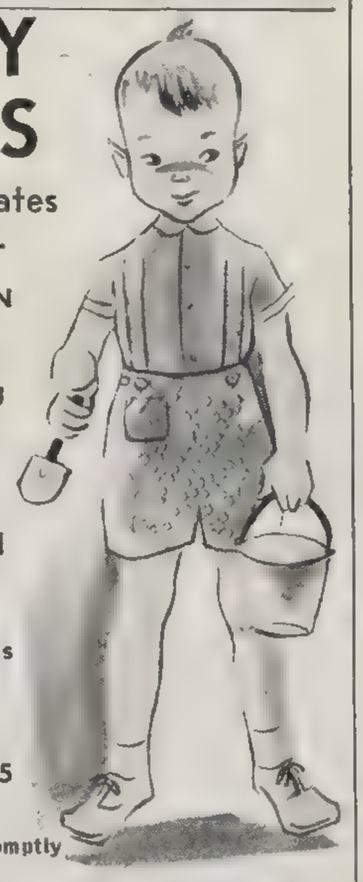
The verve of the season
expressed in ties
he'd like to wear right now,
love to get for Easter.
From a wonderful new neckwear
collection made in our own
workrooms of full-bodied,
crisp silks, in a
marvelous range of
woven patterns and colors.
Ready-made or
made to order, $8.50
Other silks from $5.50 to $12.50

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVE. AT 52 ST., NEW YORK
2 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. AT MADISON, CHICAGO
PARIS LONDON
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED

MERRY MITES

famous separates
for boys—



HOPE SKILLMAN
cotton shorts,
adjustable waist
tabs for growing
room, diamond
pattern in maple
or sky blue with
broadcloth shirt
in matching solid
colors, sizes 2-6
8.95 the suit

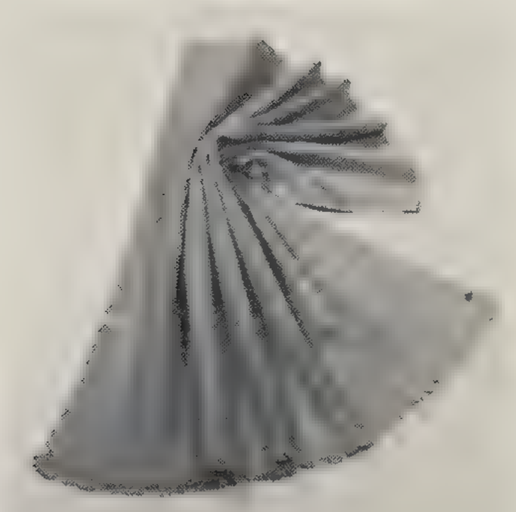
Corduroy Overalls
or Shorts, navy,
red, grey or
cocoa, sizes 2-6
the overalls, 5.95
the shorts, 4.95

mail orders filled promptly
add 45c p.p.

PAT·RICK
The Children's Store
WRITE FOR BROCHURE
930 Madison Ave., Dept. V, N.Y.C. BU 8-1444

SHOP HOUND

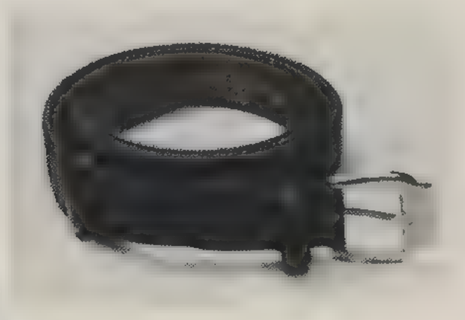




2



1

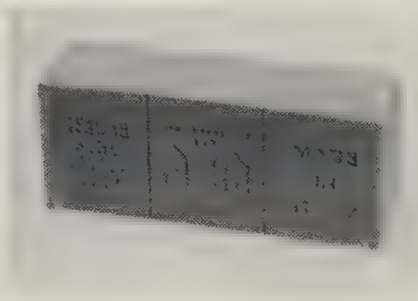


3



4

1. The very softest slippers imaginable,
they're what's meant by
"Bring me my pipe and . . ."
From Italy, hand-stitched natural leather.
Sizes S-M-L. $14.
Gucci Leather Shop, 7 E. 58th St., N. Y.
2. A six-footer, a man-sized linen towel.
(Away with the big man's
feeling of drying himself with a handkerchief!)
It comes in oatmeal, grey, and white.
$11.95 ppd. Littler, 417 Union St.,
Seattle, Washington.
3. From Italy, news for the waistline:
a brown calf belt that s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s.
(No magic involved, it simply has
elastic inside.)
Sizes 30" to 42" waist. $10.
Battaglia, 45 E. 50th St., N. Y.
4. Narrow stripes on a black background—
the charm of these M. & W. Thomas
cotton ties. Added attraction,
they've been given the wrinkleproof
treatment. $2.50. Bloomingdale's,
Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N. Y.
5. For men only, a cake of soap.
The reason for its exclusiveness:
it's very big (weighs one pound),
it's of Italian olive oil, entirely unscented.
2 bars, $3. Bloomingdale's,
Lexington Ave. at 59th St., N. Y.
6. Copied from a French sailor's shirt—
this, in lisle. Has a straight boat neck
and three-quarter sleeves.
Khaki stripes on a black ground.
Sizes: S-M-L-XL. $5.
Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N. Y.



5

6

...follows the men





7

7. Boarhide (straight from Central American boars) turns into a handsome country shoe. Soft, yet water-resistant. By Allen-Edmonds. $19.95. Sizes: 5 to 13, widths AAA to E. Tom Austin, Inc., 2 E. 45th, N. Y.

8. Here and now, the perfectly-plain and plainly-perfect tie. This one of charcoal-grey Honan silk with a shantung weave. $6.50. Dominique France, 53 E. 51st St., N. Y.



8

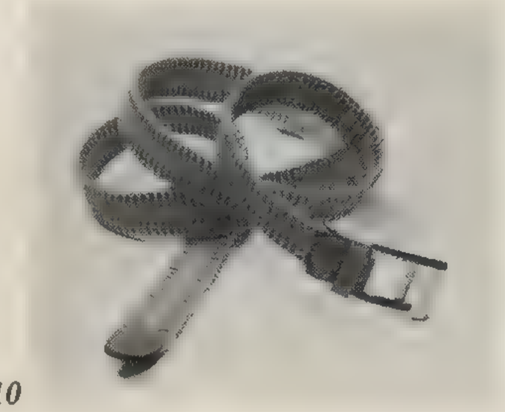
9. Classic sterling silver way to avoid decanter-confusion. Labels marked Scotch, Rye, Sherry, Brandy, Bourbon, or Port. Handmade; $4.95, inc. tax, ppd. Paul H. Ackerman, 156 S. Main St., Phillipsburg, N. J.

10. Complete with brass buckle, a hand-woven light grey elastic belt. Also white, navy blue, maroon. Sizes S-M-L-XL. $5. Joseph di Tieri, 53 E. 56th St., N. Y.

11. One more handsome piece of equipment for the new black-and-white resort wardrobe: Black sea horses on a white ascot. Tie silk. $12.50. Calvin Curtis, 60 E. 55th St., N. Y.



9

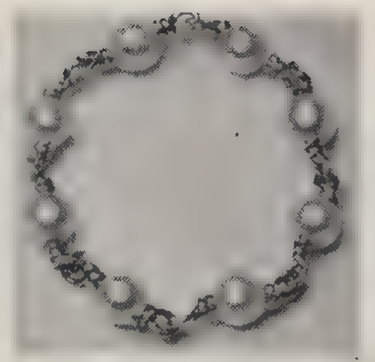




10

11

MIEHLMANN



Precious

Cultured Pearls with 14K gold. Wear one, two, or three guard rings —also in coral— each just $6 send ring size



EARRINGS

Two pearl $15 pr
One pearl $12 pr
Cluster $25 pr
Specify screw or pierced. All prices include Fed. tax and postage.



Fitz-er Jewelry

110 E. 59th St. • N. Y. 22, N. Y.



KOFFEE PAK

TRAVELER'S DELIGHT! Take your coffee percolator and the makings with you. Enjoy coffee as you like it . . . in hotels . . . school dormitories . . . where you work. 2 cup AC/DC electric percolator (UL approved and guaranteed) . . . 2 unbreakable cups . . . 2 stainless steel teaspoons . . . plastic containers for coffee and sugar . . . all in a zippered, shoulder-strap case. Complete, only $9.95 plus 25¢ postage. (no COD's).

Going abroad? Take plugs to fit foreign electrical outlets. Set of 4 . . . $1.25

CLARION PRODUCTS
Box 255-V Highland Park, Illinois



I'm goin' to rinse that dandruff right out of my hair

WITH

Rinse Away

the anti-dandruff rinse

Now at last a fast, effective way to control unsightly dandruff . . . RINSE AWAY. It's a new type hair rinse you use after shampoo. *Guaranteed* to stop even the worst cases of dandruff. New germicides and fungicides make it so positive. Leaves scalp and hair spring-time fresh and clean. Simple and economical to use. No in-between applications. Money back guaranteed.

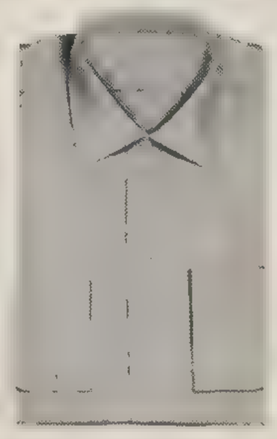
6 oz. bottle (3 months' supply) . Just **$1.00** (No federal tax)

Write to:

SKAN LABORATORIES INC.
1312-16 N. Fair Oaks, Pasadena 3, California

Exclusive importation from Italy . . . Dunhill's Low Set Collar Shirt

This is in every sense a custom shirt ready to put on. The collar sets low and does not ride up. The fitted body is small . . . in the custom manner. The exclusive collar launders well, appears new after each tubbing. Fine poplin, **$14** (with extra collar and cuffs)



Sizes 14½ to 17
Sleeve lengths 32 to 36
Colors: White, Pale Blue, Pale Grey, Champagne
Mail orders filled

DUNHILL
tailors NEW YORK
1 WEST 52ND STREET



■ *Only Lefcourt imports these fine Florentine shoes by bootmaker Frattigiani. They're entirely handmade, and the heel and sole are a single stroke. Lightly borne, and tied just once. In beeswax brown or black leather and brown or black suede. The cost $22.95.*



lefcourt
400 Madison Avenue
New York

"The Baby Cut"



A new approach in beautifying you. Soft, subtle, complimentary to the Nth degree . . . Styled for you by expert hands at

D. J. Brown

"HOUSE OF BEAUTY"
Magnificent 3-story Salon

PL 1-3250 • 8 EAST 56 STREET • NEW YORK CITY

jeweled terrycloth
FOR
SEA and RESORT



These fluffy terry resort accessories are jeweled from the sparkling sea with delicate shells, pearls, rhinestones.

Available in white—petal pink—azure blue—sun gold.

Terry towel with decorative pocket . . . use as stole, beach mat or cover-up ..... about $8.00
Slippers—jeweled to match (order by shoe size) .....about $5.00
Matching bag.....about $6.00

SPECIFY
COLOR
ALL PRICES
POSTPAID



Paddles inc.
VENICE, CALIFORNIA

Imported from India



Pure silk sheer scarves, threaded with pure gold in a variety of rich designs, transform every costume, make a bewitching Easter gift. Handwoven, hand-rolled, approximately 48" x 18". Available in white, black, red, blue, gold, or pink.

$2.50 *postpaid.*
No C.O.D.'s please.
Send check or money order to:
WORLDCRAFTS
P.O. Box 80
Hamilton Grange Station, N.Y.C.
Worldcrafts, a new service, brings you unusual articles from many nations, attractively priced. All specially selected by Mary Dean, former Executive Director of the Gift Center at United Nations Headquarters.

LOOK...



IS THIS YOUR BIG TOE SHOWING ?

(Or Does It Hit and Hurt in Closed Shoes?)



YES, because your feet SLIDE FORWARD . . . causing heels to slip, ankle straps to gap, insteps to cut, toes to hurt in closed shoes! CORRECT these painful, ugly conditions with JANIES, the cushioned "Inside Platforms", that help control gravity, give HEAVENLY COMFORT, ADD TO FOOT BEAUTY!

JANIES are effective in closed or open shoes with high midway, flat or wedgie heels! JANIES will help restore shoes from your closet to WEARABLE SERVICE . . . this will SAVE YOU TEN TIMES THE COST OF JANIES!

JANIES are only $1.25, *plus 25c handling for the first pair,* $1.25 for additional pairs. In Grey, Black, Brown, Red, White and Blue. GIVE SHOE SIZES AND COLORS WANTED.

JANIES will be PERSONALIZED with YOUR NAME IN GOLD *if you order 4 or more pairs!*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
(if not personalized)
JANIES
1865 V University Ave., N. Y. 53, N. Y.

SHOP



Left: A side-tilted toque with flattery built in. Lightweight straw sweeping up into two graceful quills of straw. To order, in almost any colour. $29.95. Talbert Hats, 551 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Right: Spring-and-summer-weight fur: moleskin. Here it's a waist-length sleeveless jacket, soft and cape-like. It comes in navy blue, ruby red, black, and natural moleskin. $150 inc. tax. Greenhut, 745 Madison Ave., N. Y.





Left: More moleskin, this time, a bloused jacket. (Good new line, this ease.) The sleeves, easy dolman. Mrs. Exeter, among others, could find this jacket useful. Navy blue, blond, red, or natural moleskin. $150 inc. tax. Georges Wolff, 1062 Madison, N. Y.

Right: Announcement. A rare and wonderful fabric, hand-woven Irish poplin, is here now in America in a smart new shop that specializes in clan-crested ascots and neckties. Which clan? Some 600, it seems. Ascot in poplin, $18.50. In barathea, $6.50. De Moleyns of Dublin, Inc. 59 East 54th St., New York City.



Here's an address we think deserves an encore in Shop Hound: that of the French-American Reweaving Company, at 100 W. 57th Street in New York City. Reason we mention it now: reports have it that this year's odd weather has caused moths to eat overtime and out of season (they just couldn't wait till summer to taste the most delicious cashmere). French-American will reweave the damage— and just about anything else (so invisibly that a damaged section is returned outlined in white thread so you can see where the damage *used* to be).

HOUND

...looking things over



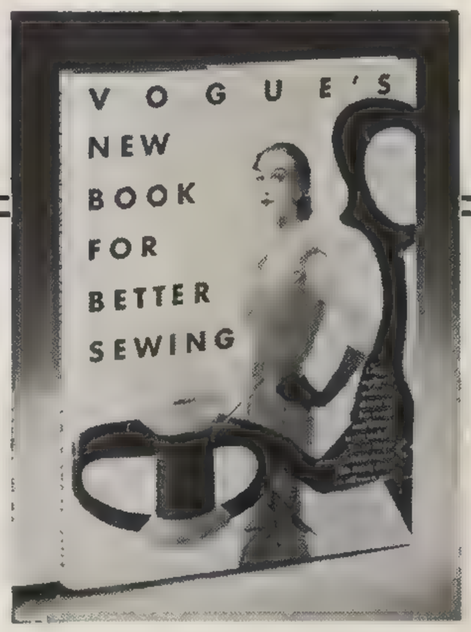
Left: Formal rompers, dress suit
for a very young man.
These, for a christening
or such, of Egyptian broadcloth,
with a Beauvais-embroidered motif
in the centre. All,
handmade and made to order,
prices begin at $39.50.
Marcelle Julien,
22 E. 54th St., N. Y.

Right: Streamlined scuffs,
very light and of the palest beige.
The leather; water buffalo
from India, no less,
in its natural colour.
A wedge of lightweight cork
shapes the arch.
For men or women.
Sizes 4 to 12. $4.35 ppd.
Bloom's, 311 6th Ave., N. Y.



MIEHLMANN

This applies to anyone from Goldilocks to bald eagles:
for a chignon, a transformation, or for a downright wig,
investigate one Mr. Tucciarone. Seems he's a virtuoso
in this field. He can blend, match, dye; he can recondition.
He has a library file of hair of every possible texture
and colour. And because of his skill and his wealth of supplies,
he's prepared, where necessary, to arrange matters by mail—
measurements, et cetera, are of course needed,
but from there on in, he takes over.
Biaggio Tucciarone, Dept. C, 118 E. 28th St., New York.



An Entirely New Kind
of
SEWING BOOK

One of the most complete sewing handbooks ever written. Its aim: to teach you all the essentials of good dressmaking by guiding you step by step through the making of 14 representative Vogue Patterns. Glossary of just about every term in the pattern language.

$2.95 *at all bookstores, or order yours postpaid:*

Vogue, Dept. V-315, Greenwich, Conn.

for Easter... look years younger!

WITH A NEW **TINTZ**
HAIR COLOR



Put your new Easter bonnet over radiantly beautiful new TINTZ hair color—and you'll receive compliments on *both!* Tintz's exclusive *creme shampoo* method of application makes it so easy and sure to use. Covers gray hair completely, brightens, lightens, darkens, or highlights your hair—in just 17 minutes! Conditions hair to new life with precious lanolin and Vitamin A. Contains no harsh, smelly ammonia. Look *years* younger this Easter—order Tintz today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

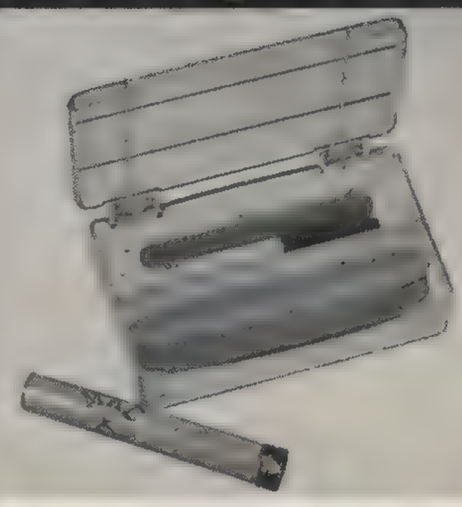
14 "TOUCH OF GENIUS" SHADES:
Jet Black • Black • Dk. Ash Brown
Dk. Warm Brown • Med. Ash Brown
Med. Warm Brown • Auburn • Lt. Auburn
Lt. Ash Brown • Lt. Warm Brown • Red Blonde
Ash Blonde • Gold Blonde • Plat. Blonde

Specify shade wanted. Send no money! Pay postman $1.80 ($1.50 plus tax) and C.O.D. postage on arrival. (Or enclose $1.80 with order and Tintz pays postage.)

TINTZ CO. Dept. 308C, 230 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois



for Beautiful Nails!



The famous "powder nail polish"

... MAD *of course*

In a deluxe lucite hinged manicure kit. Keeps your nails beautiful, healthy and strong the natural way, with no annoyance of peeling polish.

Send $2.00 to: **MAD PRODUCTS, INC.**
17 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Crocheted Buttons

#105
add a delicate touch
to this embroidered
Linyen—a Rayon of
linen-weave.

$29.75

Embroidery in
White on Pink,
Aqua, Putty
or Grey.

Sizes 12-20
38-44
16½-22½



Write for additional sketches.

Olga Frocks
POINT PLEASANT BEACH, N. J.
We have a few sales openings.
Information available upon request.

Dinnerware Booklet FREE!



Herbert S. Mills
GORE PARK
Hamilton, Canada


Cartier
New York
Paris
London
Caracas
Palm Beach
Cannes
Monte Carlo

AMERICAN VOGUE

Editorial and Advertising Offices:
420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
TELEPHONE—LEXINGTON 2-7500

JESSICA DAVES, *Editor-in-Chief*

Art Director:
ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Senior Editors:
BETTINA BALLARD, *Fashion Editor*
ALLENE TALMEY, *Feature Editor*
PRISCILLA PECK, *Art Editor*
MARGARET CASE

Fashion Associates:
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
BABS SIMPSON
CATHERINE McMANUS
VIRGINIA THAW
MARION SKERTEN
MARILYN KARNES
SHEILA KILGORE
DESPINA MESSINESI, *Shop Hound*
KATHRYNE HAYS, *Shoes*

Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON

Beauty Editor:
EVELYN HAYNES

Feature Associate:
KATE LLOYD

Hostess Editor:
ALISON BISGOOD

Copy Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS

Associates: **ELLEN McCOOLE**
MAB WILSON

Contributing Editors:
MARY JEAN KEMPNER
MILLICENT FENWICK
PEGGY TALBOTT
THOMAS W. PHIPPS

Copy Executive:
JEANNE BALLOT

Layout:
MARCEL GUILLAUME
G. WOODFORD PRATT
JACK MOGNAZ

Merchandising Service Editor:
ELISA DAGGS
Associate: **MARGARET INGERSOLL**
Chicago: **CONSTANCE WEBER**

Men's Merchandising Editor:
ARTHUR TODD

Business Manager:
C. B. VAN TASSEL

Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM C. STOWELL

BRITISH VOGUE
37 GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON W. 1
Editor: AUDREY WITHERS
Managing Director: HARRY W. YOXALL

FRENCH VOGUE
4 PLACE DU PALAIS BOURBON, PARIS 7
Editor: MICHEL DE BRUNHOFF
Managing Director: PHILIPPE DE CROISSET

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
President: I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH
Vice Pres. & Adv. Dir.: FRANK F. SOULE
Vice Pres. and Treasurer: BENJAMIN BOGIN
Secretary: MARY E. CAMPBELL
Business Mgr.: PERRY L. RUSTON

COPYRIGHT 1954, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR—TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS—ARE PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERN CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. TITLE VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE. VOGUE IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF JANUARY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. (ALSO PUBLISHERS OF BRITISH VOGUE, FRENCH VOGUE, HOUSE & GARDEN, BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN, FRENCH HOUSE & GARDEN, GLAMOUR, VOGUE PATTERN BOOK.) EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. EXECUTIVE AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: GREENWICH, CONN. SUBSCRIPTIONS $7.50 A YEAR, $12 FOR TWO YEARS, $17 FOR THREE YEARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. TO POINTS OUTSIDE CANADA, U.S.A., AND POSSESSIONS, $15 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES FIFTY CENTS IN U.S. AND CANADA. $1 ALL OTHER COUNTRIES. FOUR WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, GREENWICH, CONN.; GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST WRAPPER.

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

New York *Paris* *London*

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, *Publisher* **EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE,** *Chairman of Editorial Board*



BLUMENFELD

ON THE COVER: Looking over this International Fashions Issue of Vogue, a young woman wearing a printed silk shirt (about $23) and a pink linen skirt (about $18) and a pair of gilt earrings that look like big golden bubbles on golden coral reefs (about $5, plus tax). Both the Claire McCardell costume and Hattie Carnegie earrings, at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. New coiffure and make-up she might have brought back from a trip to Elizabeth Arden.

MARCH 15, 1954

INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS

67 Vogue's eye view: Mrs. Atlas
72-79 American collections: made-to-order news
84-85 English collections: chiffon dress; striped tweed suit
90-97 French collections: chalk white and other news
110-113 Spanish collections: big-collar suit; evening looks
118-119 Italian collections: sweater to evening news
122-123 Irish collections: dinner separates; whitewashed tweed

OTHER FASHIONS

126-129 13 new fashion uniforms
132-133 The costume, made from Vogue Patterns
134-135 Fine-weather-coming clothes for Mrs. Exeter
136-139 New American travel clothes, to wear as you go
140-141 25 years of American life; little girls, their dresses
142 New length of short nightdress

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

68-71 Is the World Getting Anywhere? By Joyce Cary
72-73 Mrs. William Paley; Mrs. Winston Guest
84-85 Mrs. John Wyndham
99 Blanche Thebom in "The Rake's Progress"
100-101 Fonda-Nolan Duel from "The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial"
106-107 Mrs. Bertrand Taylor III; Countess Dolores Furstenberg
108 The Man who Planted Hope. By Jean Giono
109 Dream of Spain. Photograph by Irving Penn
120-121 Four Young Italian Beauties
124-125 Travel Tip Sheet on: Britain; Italy; Spain; U.S.A.; Ireland; France
140-141 Lindsay Ann Crouse; Christina de Liagre; Mary Ann Laue; and Stevens Greeff
144 Dior Fashion Show in Tokyo

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

80-83 . . . in London
86-89 . . . in Paris
98-99 . . . in New York
102-105 . . . in Washington
111 . . . in Madrid
114-117 . . . in Rome
122 . . . in Dublin

IN VOGUE FOR MEN

130-131 Black-green, newest black blending—custom-made suits, blazer; their addenda

ENTERTAINING • THE HOUSE

116-117 Renaissance in Italian Design
149 Recipes from Spain. By Marion W. Flexner

BEAUTY

36 The Gadabouts' Guide about Beauty
148-149 Discoveries in beauty

DEPARTMENTS

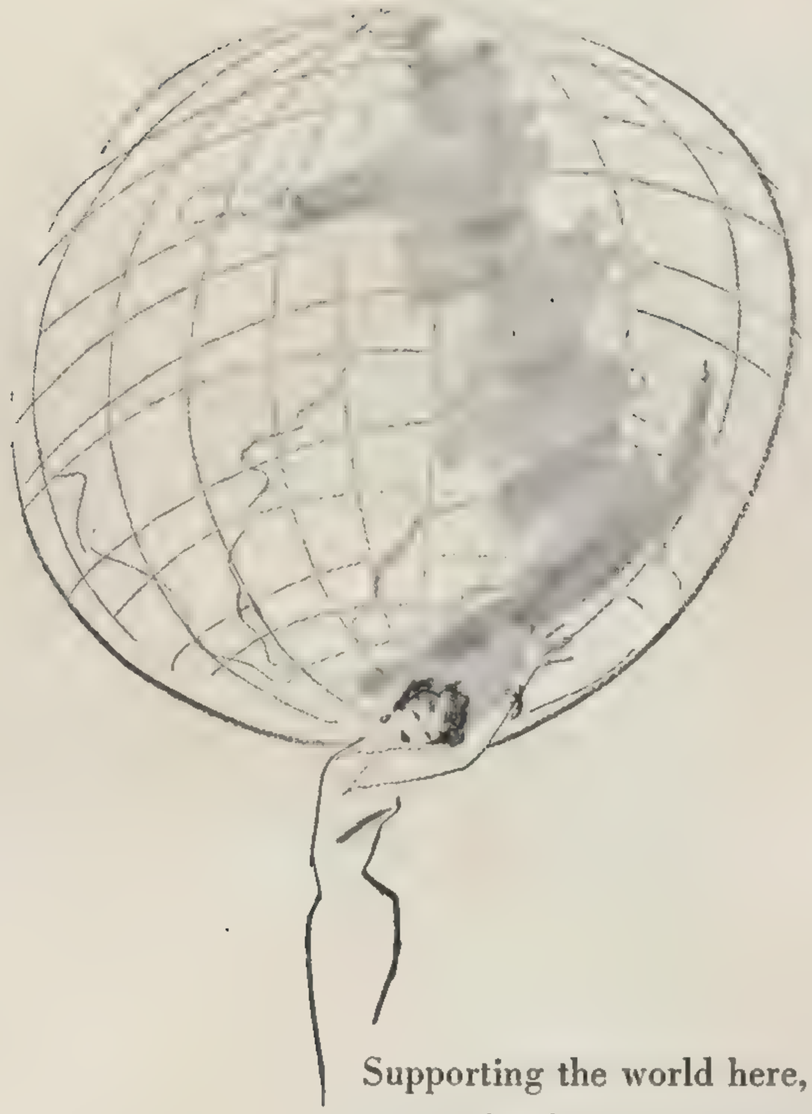
48 Vogue's School and Camp Directory
60-63 Shop Hound



the best compliment to a graceful "ambiance"

© Caron, 1951

Vogue's eye view of Mrs. Atlas



Supporting the world here, a woman;
supporting it, note, on smartly clad shoulders, on the strength of
fashion—for fashion's a force in the world's economy.
In France, it's proved itself such a vital power
that the government makes fashion part of its business.
In Ireland, fashion's a plank in a whole new
Irish program—already the young couture
has set hundreds of looms to weaving.
In England, in Italy, national economists never add up
a column without taking fashion into the reckoning—
and here in America, fashion ranks fourth
among all retail industries.
But fashion's greatest strength is this:
life certainly looks pleasantest
everywhere fashion is practised. Everything's healthier
when a woman's urge to look her best is appreciated.
And with the international exchange of fashion,
the circulation of currency improves;
dollars are changed into francs, francs into
liras, pesetas, pounds, and dollars.
The country's pulse picks up; morning time-clocks
sound a regular, rhythmic, reassuring beat.
Here, on-the-scene reports—
and Vogue's second International Fashions Issue
(on the strength of Mrs. Atlas,
it's become an annual affair).

Is the World Getting Anywhwere?

By Joyce Cary

Is there such a thing as progress in the world? The Middle Ages never dreamed of it. They thought the world bad and men worse. The only hope for them was that God in His mercy would save them from hell. The whole notion of an advancing civilization is quite recent. It came in with the machines and education. All at once everyone, even the workers, began to grow richer. The new industrialized nation made so much money that it could afford roads, schools, hospitals, all the expensive services and administration which are needed for even a small general improvement in millions of lives.

Over a hundred and fifty years this progress became very great. Housing and sanitation were transformed; famine and plague disappeared; the criminal law was recast so that punishment grew continually milder, as the police, better paid and organized, became more efficient. The masses learnt to read and found other pleasures than drink and dogfights. Almost everyone in Europe and America could say, "You wouldn't believe the changes even in my own lifetime—changes for the better."

And this rapid improvement seemed automatic. It did not need any help from anyone, any government. It arose from invention, and one invention led to another; from trade, which flourished on competition.

Here was the reason why the Victorians were so suspicious of any legal interference with free competition. It seemed to them the whole secret of progress, and it was, they thought, a natural thing. Darwin had proved, or seemed to have proved, that competition had produced humanity itself. It was nature's method of driving life forward in the scale of intelligence. Why should it not be also nature's plan for driving civiliza-

tion forward in the scale of wealth and comfort, security and peace, making it richer and wiser, more charitable and more happy? For free competition had certainly seemed to produce these results.

Then the war of '14 broke, to be followed by slumps, inflation, bankruptcy, unsaleable surpluses, frustration, misery, strife and confusion all over the world. And it was seen that war is merely the extreme form of competition.

The whole idea of an automatic progress was called in question. The Victorians were abused as moral crooks or laughed at for fools. And the communists cried, "Yes, competition is all wrong—the only secret of progress is with Marx and his dialectic—he alone can bring you to a better world." It is not surprising that in those years they made converts by the millions.

Notice that the communists, no less than the Victorian economists and philosophers, supposed themselves to have discovered an automatic progress, a providence in nature, which, if permitted free play, would certainly produce a richer, a safer, a happier world, without suffering or crime, inequality and envy. The dialectic, as Marx saw it, was automatic—it required violence only when held back by force. And it provided its own cause for violence, its own revolutionary crisis, by increasing poverty among the workers.

It is, of course, not surprising that the communists of that time believed in an automatic progress. For they were Victorians too—the notion had been implanted in their minds from earliest youth. They read all the Victorians, and Herbert Spencer was one of their great influences. Spencer was so convinced of the value of the evolutionary process in economic progress that he wanted to hand back the post office to private enterprise.

The communists accepted the idea of evolution from Spencer but discovered a different process to account for it, competition between capital and labour rather than between different industrial enterprises.

But communism has failed to rescue the world from disorder. It has brought in new oppression, new insecurity, new deprivation for the workers, and bad faith of a cynicism never known before. It appears simply like a vast new misfortune for the whole earth, a further plunge into confusion and anxiety.

And the idea of an automatic progress, a dialectic advance, is so utterly discredited that no one dreams of such a fantasy. We live from day to day, and thank Heaven, or mere luck, that there is still some order, some civilization left. But no one dares to promise that its relics will last beyond next week; much less that things will improve of themselves.

And this profound doubt is, I think, one of the final causes of the defeatism all about us, a cause so deep that it often passes unrecognized, like a complex in the subconscious, by those who suffer most from it.

"Why," you ask, "should men be troubled by the loss of a superstition so new in the world, which was unknown in the first four or five thousand years of recorded history?" I think the answer should be that the industrial age brought in not only the idea of progress, but the instability of a perpetual revolution.

The Middle Ages did not expect a better world, on earth. But neither did they reckon with everlasting change, with the turmoil of a society in continual adjustment.

In their ideas, the only hope for peace and comfort in a bad world was a monolithic state, fixed forever in the same theocratic or legal shape. Sir Thomas More, though he wrote in the Renaissance, had the typical mediæval view. His Utopia was designed to do away with all need for change. Change, to More and his like, was the prime source of evil in the world.

So the mediæval ruler could not conceive of religious tolerance. That would mean difference of faith, conflict, disloyalty. Better to burn a few heretics than allow any breach in that solid structure of law and dogma which alone sustained the millions in safety. And also kept them in their place.

But that world has gone forever. We have not only accepted the conflict of faith, the revolution, we push it forward. Every government subsidizes research, and research means new invention, new shifts of power, commercial and national, new instability, change and confusion. And the speed of new discovery, and therefore of obsolescence, increases all the time.

It is not surprising *(Continued on following page)*

Is the World Getting Anywhere? *continued*

that men despair of the future and won't even think of it. It is enough for them to survive among bursting storehouses of grain and famines, staggering prices and swelling costs, ever-rising taxes and ever-increasing debt, under the perpetual threat of a final atomic war. Their world is like a city shaken by earthquakes which go on increasing in frequency and violence. Everything is propped up, prices, trade, wages, governments, and the props are always slipping and splintering as the pressures mount. Every moment some vast elaborate construction falls down, and the air is so thick with dust that no one can see his way along the most familiar roads or know even if they exist.

Yet there are props, and a number of agencies with skill in propping. And a little examination will show that the props tend to grow in strength, the agencies in expertness.

What I want to suggest is that the situation is neither so bad as it looks, nor so new. The world has always suffered from earthquakes, social and political. It has always had to live among the dust of ruins, it has always had to prop and rebuild. True, the crash of the Roman Empire was too big for the rebuilders of that day. But the Roman Empire had become too heavy, too vast for its foundations. It rested on slave labour, on a proletarian mass without the skill or wit, even the will, to cooperate in reconstruction.

Nowadays we see whole nations, Britain, Germany, Holland, Japan, uniting to rebuild their states almost from the ground, with discipline that, in former ages, could have been expected only from trained armies. The great difference is that the proletarian mass throughout most of the world has disappeared, or is disappearing. Everywhere, Governments educate. They must do so simply in order to have workers capable of running their machines. And the machines are necessary to support the standard of life which the educated worker demands.

Call this a circle, but it is not a vicious circle. It is the hope of the world.

For though there is no progress in the Victorian sense of the word, though there is no automatic principle or dialectic that will produce, by its own certain and unaided operation, a golden age of security and peace, there is a direction in human affairs.

The tribal life has almost vanished and it will never come back. The peoples demand education and with it a new standard of life, for education gives a richer power of enjoyment and those who have learnt how to use their imagination will never be content with a narrower existence.

Civilization is nothing so mechanical as the Victorian progress; it needs continual watching, continual planning. It is like a river that flows sometimes slowly, sometimes fast, sometimes over a cataract, but always one way, toward the sea. It can still flood and drown out a whole countryside, and the further it runs, the bigger it grows, the more disastrous are its floods. But the nations are learning not only to rebuild their towns but to build levees along the whole course. They are beginning to study flood control, economic and social. They must, or they will be overwhelmed.

The industrial revolution, beginning about two hundred years ago, has already produced the modern democracy and abolished from it the old absolute ruler. Governments in democracies can no longer command; they must explain and persuade.

And the people everywhere demand from government not only a reasonable standard of living but security. They hate and fear war. They have already made it impossible for any of the democracies to start an offensive war.

This is one consequence of the process of education and creative invention which is going on all round us all the time. The other is the modern weapon, terrifying in its destructive power, the rocket and the atomic bomb, which makes even swashbuckling governments fear the uncertain results of total war.

Both angles of the process from below and above have the same direction; they converge on the same object—security, peace.

The demand from below, from the people, has produced the complex of social and economic regulation that is now a chief preoccupation of all states—props of wages, prices, international agreements on quotas, trade, tariffs, the managed currencies, the International

Bank, the International Labour Office in Geneva.

And above, in governments, the fear of war, which produced the first international organization for peace, the League of Nations, has now set up, when the League failed, another stronger League, the United Nations.

And all this organization, driven by increasing pressures of urgency, grows steadily in comprehensiveness and power.

I am not leaving Russia and Red China out of this account—the process has taken hold of them too, though it is still in its early stages. Russia is pushing forward education with all the means at its disposal, but her people are still semi-illiterate and little removed from the proletarian mass, easy to replace, easy to drive. Yet even in Russia, the masters, the drivers, are now offering bribes as well as threats—more food, leisure, clothes, living space. And that ruthless bureaucracy does not waste anything, time or money. It offers inducements only because they are necessary, because already the workers must be conciliated.

And the peace campaign of recent propaganda was not designed only to weaken the West, but to reassure the Russian people. They, too, passionately desire peace.

Red China is educating and must educate to build industry and feed her starving peasantry. And both the Russian and the Red Chinese governments fear total war. One, in spite of her continual abuse of the U.N., sends there the best men she has to represent her; the other is extremely anxious to get in.

But neither Russia nor Red China, nor any of the mid- and far-Eastern states, is very far on the road of technical industry which has brought about modern democracy, with its balance of power between government and people, its love of liberty, its hatred of war, and its ability to make its will respected by the state.

I am not holding out the hope of a millennium just round the corner. I am arguing only that there is a direction in world development that is forcing all governments towards the organization of international order and peace.

Hitler was chief of a highly industrialized state and he led it to war. He had to use the technique of the demagogue; he promised the people not only a better life, but actually peace, until he had established his Gestapo, his army, his concentration camps.

Hitler made a disastrous war. But what was the consequence to Germany and the world? A terrible defeat, and the first effective combination of powers, determined to secure peace even by force of arms. And that combination has since actually gone to war, in Korea, to defend the peace and thrust back an aggressor.

This is the first time in history that an international authority has actually put an army in the field, to support the law. It is true that the United States carried most of the weight of the war, but that too is significant—it reveals the direction of the process. Thirty years ago, in spite of a strong President, they went out from the League of Nations for fear of being drawn into a war not of their own making; now they are the chief movers and partners in a war which has, more than any other event, made the new League, the United Nations, respected and formidable.

That too may fail. It will certainly be modified. But if it can not be made to do the necessary job, it will be very quickly replaced by some other, more efficient power.

No one can say how soon an efficient world authority will arrive and in what shape. I suspect that it will not come from any neat paper constitution for world federation. Its practice and laws are more likely to be devised at the moment, to answer specific crises; its sanctions to rest on the will and arms of certain great powers working together, rather than any international force, recruited and trained as such.

All that seems to me assured is that world peace and security are inevitable. Not only from the fear of the new arms, but from the complex working of the creative genius of man producing a continuous revolution that compels all governments to seek international agreement and stability.

The direction, the flow of world society towards a general law, a general security, can be checked, but it can not be reversed. And the effect of any check, like that of the Hitler war, is to dam and build up the force behind, until it breaks through and rushes forward with still greater speed and weight.





PENN

MRS. WINSTON GUEST

MADE TO ORDER: AMERICAN

In all the fashion world, nothing operates quite like the American made-to-order couture. It never designs "for copy"—only for the individual woman. It works without fanfare, within its own time-stream, and entirely independently (you'd be a lot less likely to catch one of its dozen designers at a Paris opening than you would a live pheasant in Herald Square). Yet what comes out of it is this curious fact: although the American made-to-order couture seldom looks around, its great achievement is a look that's both American *and* international. Proof? Of the women who have acquired international reputations for smartness, many dress partly or entirely from this couture—like Mrs. Paley, like Mrs. Guest, photographed on these two pages. *At left:* Mrs. William Paley, one of the smart women in the world—in one of the world's simplest suits; made by Mainbocher last year, it probably still has years to run. Mrs. Paley's choice: pale-blue tweed for the easy jacket, navy-blue for the skirt. *Above:* Mrs. Winston Guest in a Mainbocher suit she ordered in oatmeal tweed from Main's autumn 1952 collection; it'll go on being smart wherever Mrs. Guest goes.

MRS. WILLIAM PALEY





PENN

MADE BY MAINBOCHER: TWO NEW EVENING LOOKS

At left: A day-length dinner dress with a look that's Mainbocher to the marrow—lean, sleeveless, scrubbed. White textured silk with margins of black silk braid; a front panel that pretends to be an apron. Clearly—for a woman with a fine set of bones. *Above:* An ankle-length dinner dress that's all softness, prettiness, and—news. Here Mainbocher unfolds a fascinating combination of fabrics: black net skirt, rose silk shantung jacket, and, when the jacket's unfastened, a rose-printed silk bodice and a print lining. Everything, made to order. The diamonds, both pages, Harry Winston.





HORST

MADE TO ORDER: BRIMFUL HATS, PLENTIFUL PRINTS

Above: A sweeping new fashion to watch—and best watched from *under* the brim—the wide-brimmed hat, famous for harbouring the world's most becoming shadows (of the eye-brightening kind). Here, leghorn, lightly massed with silky summer flowers. Hattie Carnegie. *Facing page:* The print dress and the big hat—a compliment to a compliment. The dress, black and white and primrose silk, making a second pattern with pleated tiers and drapery. By Sophie. The big hat, horsehair and net, by Tatiana. Both, to order: Saks Fifth Ave.



HORST



MADE TO ORDER HERE: A COMPLETE LOOK

At left: The redingote dinner costume and a new and dark elegance—black wool broadcloth coat, its Empire line cut with a new looseness; and a dark print dress hazed over with black silk organdie. The costume, to order from Falkenstein. Shaped veil wearing paillettes and ostrich feathers: Mr. John. *At right:* No ease easier than this—a navy-blue reefer hanging straight from the shoulders, buttoning toward a light, slightly high-waisted fit. Its dress, dotted silk surah with a collar delicately gathered, rolled-over, bowed. The costume, by Leslie Morris (she lines the velours coat with dotted silk). The hat, a gathered beret buckled with rhinestones. All, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. From Bergdorf's also: elongated handbag of navy-blue calfskin.



CHRISTOPHER FRY: "IN A STATE OF PERFECT FRESHNESS . . ."

People are talking about . . . in

LONDON

WITH SKETCHES BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI



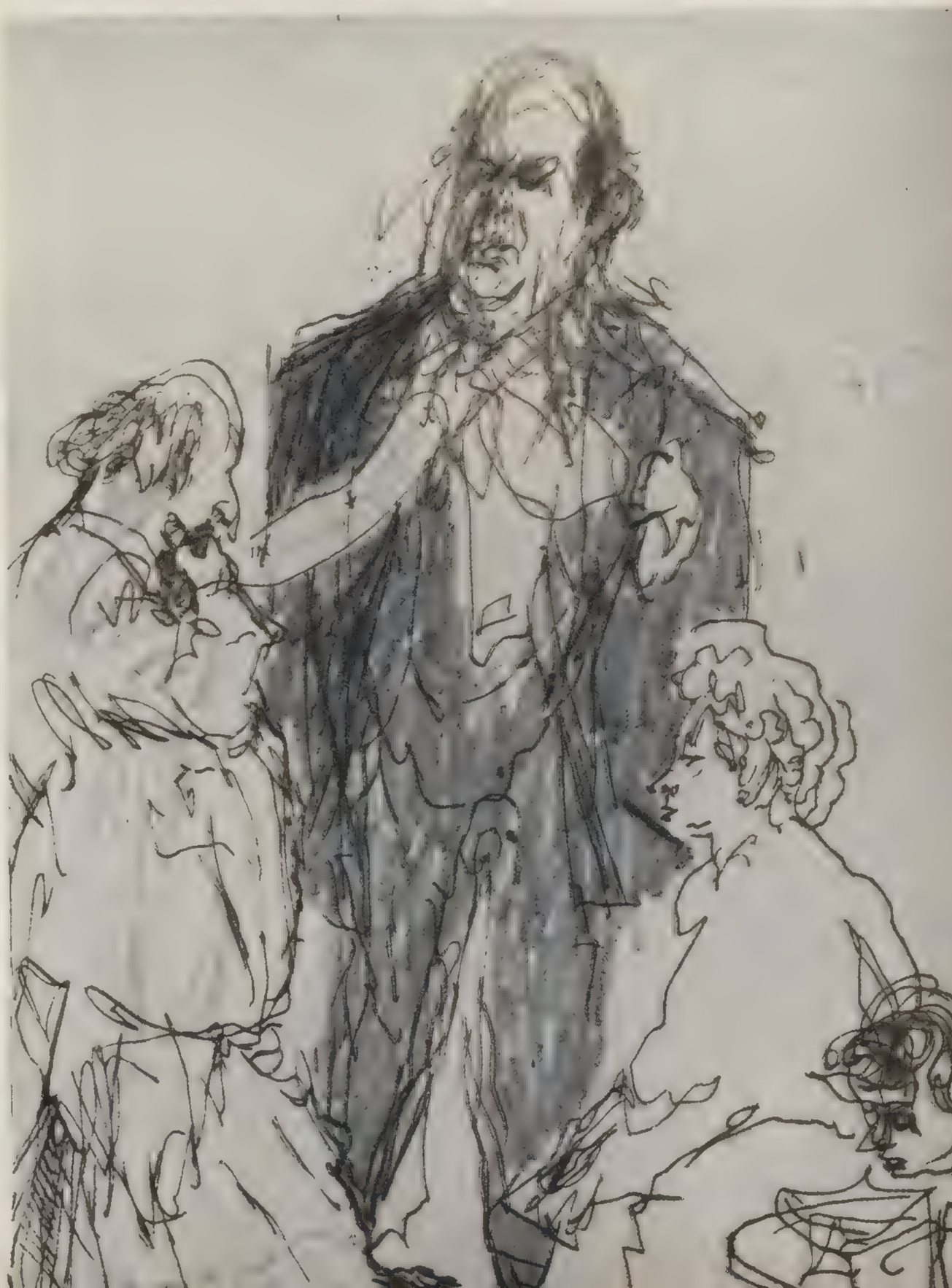
"THE BOY FRIEND," NEW MUSICAL DELIGHT

ROBERT MORLEY IN "HIPPO DANCING"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...
Christopher Fry (opposite), whose new play, *The Dark Is Light Enough*, has Dame Edith Evans as star, Peter Brook (back from the U.S.) as director. The title comes from a passage by Fabre, the great naturalist, describing the mating habits of the long-flighted butterfly: "...So well it directs its tortuous flight that in spite of all the obstacles to be evaded it arrives in a state of perfect freshness, its great wings intact...the darkness is light enough." The play itself arrives after a longish flight; Fry has been working on it for four years.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...
The Boy Friend (*above*), the delicious casual musical pastiche of the 'Twenties which "everyone including Princess Margaret has seen at least once." Bright unknowns are not only the stars but the concocters, with the major inspiration a young Oxford graduate, Sandy Wilson, who wrote the book, lyrics, and the wonderful stilted tunes. (He has a passion for the 'Twenties, which ended when he was two.) To give the true, flat-fronted Jazz Age look, the girls in the cast wear girdles *above* the waist.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...
Robert Morley (right) in *Hippo Dancing*, his rumbustious new play, about a violent, prejudiced, domineering business man, nicknamed "Hippo," who discovers that his family is getting out of hand. It has witty direction by the black-bearded Peter Ashmore (left of drawing), a sturdily comic performance by Brenda de Banzie (right of drawing), as "Hippo's" invincible French wife.





"TWELFTH NIGHT," THE OLD VIC'S HIT

BELOW: HOUSING GENIUS,
RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN



LONDON *continued*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... The Old Vic's stimulating, uneven production of *Twelfth Night* (above), with Richard Burton, England's new movie idol, fighting the comic part of Sir Toby Belch (he is far too young and too handsome); Claire Bloom, a studied, careful little Viola, and Orsino (right), played by John Neville, tall, with a bell-like voice. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... The immensely successful Minister of Housing, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan (left), an elegantly Edwardian-looking statesman who is also a practical, hard-headed administrator. (The Sunday *Times* of London once said of him, "His head is never so far in the clouds that his feet are off the ground.") He has delighted his own party, the Conservatives, and confounded the Opposition by actually meeting the Conservatives' housing target—300,000 new houses in a year. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... Sir Jacob Epstein (opposite), the famous American-born sculptor who was knighted by the Queen at the New Year. Now admired even by the British public, which for years reacted to his sculpture with furious, egg-throwing distaste, he is finishing two massive works: one, a huge group with three almost twice-life-size bronze figures for Philadelphia's Fairmount Park; the other, a figure of Field Marshal Smuts, in full uniform and medals, to be placed in Westminster Abbey.



FELIKS TOPOLSKI

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN, NO LONGER A STORM CENTRE





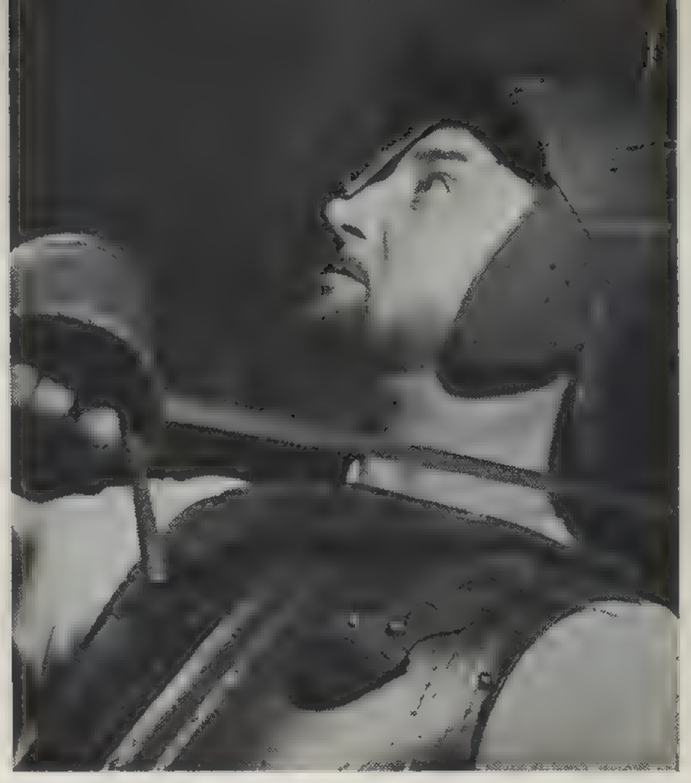
NORMAN PARKINSON

BRITISH BEAUTY: MRS. JOHN WYNDHAM

Wonderfully willowy and ivory-skinned, Mrs. John Wyndham (one of the three beautiful Wyndham-Quin sisters) is the wife of Lord Leconfield's heir. The Wyndhams and their two small children live at New Grove, Petworth—and Mrs. Wyndham's clothes-life could be written in two (well, four) words: country suits, ball dresses. These, from the London Collections. *Facing page:* Apricot-gold chiffon, basket-woven through the waist, the skirt an irrepressible float. (By Digby Morton.) *Above:* In the snow before Petworth House, Mrs. Wyndham wears Charles Creed's beige and white tweed suit, piped in tan leather, with striped scarf. And sheepskin boots. It's been that kind of a winter—when it wasn't turning tropical.



SUZANNE FLON, the large-eyed ethereal French actress whose career for two years has clicked like a rewarding slot machine; her first U. S. jackpot, the film *Moulin Rouge*, in which she played the model who loved Lautrec. Now in Paris, in Anouilh's play, *L'Alouette*, the hit of the season, she plays a new Jeanne D'Arc, slangy, more persuasive than mystic.



PIERRE BRASSEUR, actor, writer, director; this season he roars, bounds, growls like a beast (or a genius) in *Kean*, a play about the English tragedian with a script doctored once by Dumas, once by Sartre.



ALFRED MANESSIER, the artist who began his career copying Tintoretto in the Louvre, had a change of heart when he saw the Cubists. His sensitive, unliteral paintings were shown last year at New York's Matisse Gallery.



BERNARD BUFFET, "the youngest of the famous painters" of France. Before his discovery in 1948, Buffet painted on bed sheets because he had no money for canvas. Now, with magnificent extravagance, he has declared war on easel painting, exhibited last month at the Galerie Drouant-David seven paintings, all as enormous as the nude above.



JEAN-PAUL ANDRÉANI, the leaping excitement of the Opéra ballet who made his hit in the two-year sell-out, *Les Indes Galantes* ("the last word in luxury . . . and, after all, good business"), and is now bounding into romantic star rôles.

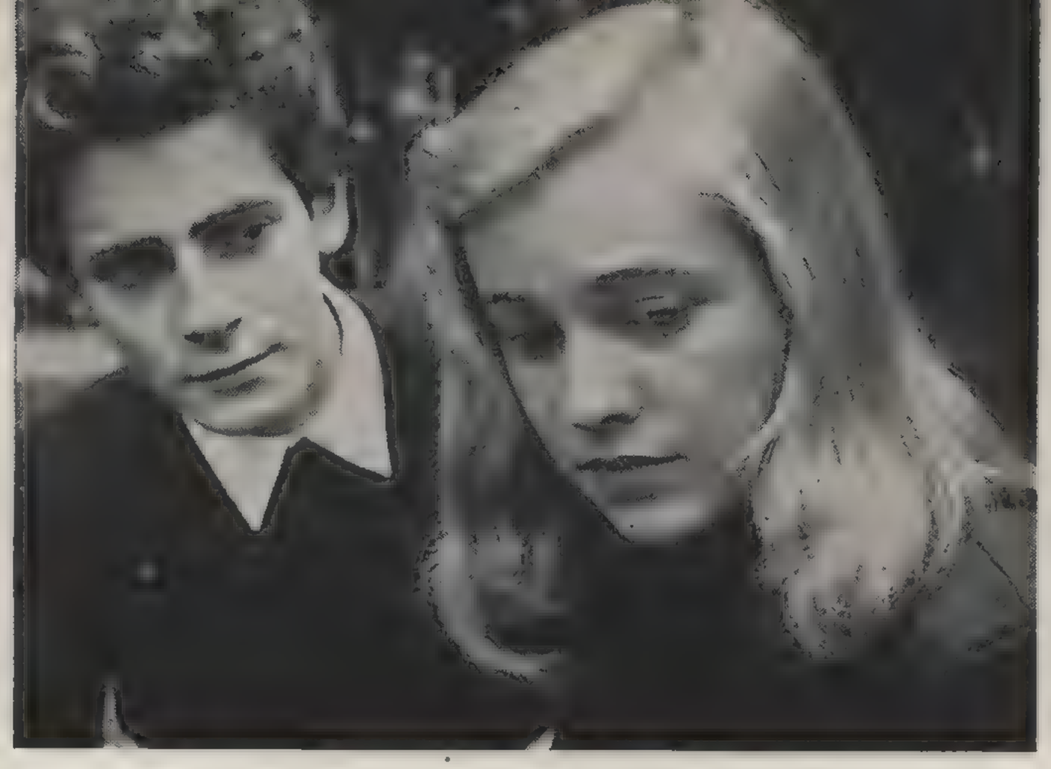


ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS, France's top cartoonist, known here for his book of no-talk humour, *The Tattooed Sailor*. With stickle-backed wit he relishes languishing ladies, bawdy nudes, knights—errant and scruffy.

People are
talking about...in *PARIS*



NICOLE LOUVIER, composer, singer, and the author, at 20, of a daring novel. Looking like a child, she says she will sing at La Rose Rouge "until my songs do not appeal any more."



PIERRE-MICHEL BECK AND NICOLE BERGER, the 17-year-old stars of *Le Blé en Herbe* (Corn in the Blade), a new film from the Colette novel. Audiences—even in Paris—are fussed by the youth-and-sex plot, but linger to praise the acting, calling Berger "a young Madeleine Renaud."



JEAN-PAUL ROUSSILLON, who will play Peter Pan at the Comédie Française. Its youngest—and possibly smallest—actor, known for his look of innocence, Roussillon, who never considered any career but the theatre, has already had one full-scale success as the tormented child in Jules Renard's *Poil de Carotte*.



RAYMOND SAVIGNAC, poster-artist, whose giddy drawings apparently cheer people into buying. He won fast fame, attracted a flock of imitators, with his Monsavon soap cow.



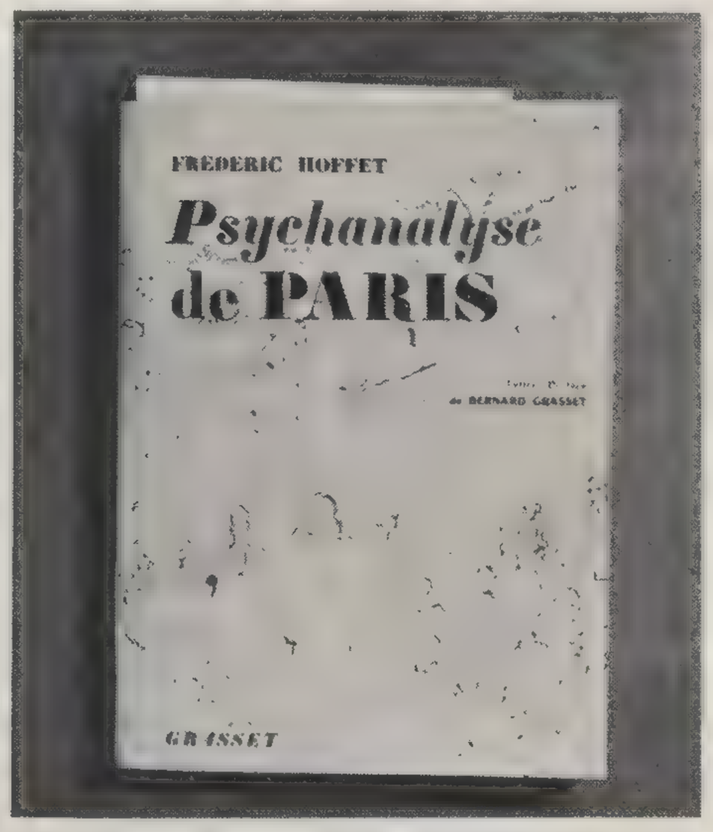
ETCHIKA CHOUREAU, who became famous as a movie actress, though no one has seen her films. Voted the directors' prize as the most promising new actress, this little reddish blonde has made four films, none released. One, with a plot about school children who murder, may well never be.



ROGER PIERRE, JEAN RICHARD, JEAN-MARC THIBAULT, the stars of the cabaret-theatre, L'Amiral. In *Complexes*, a tiny flavoursome revue written by them, and played on a minute stage with enormous gusto, they turn their gay and devastating minds to a wide range of subjects, including *Le Rapport Kinsey*, which makes their best skit.



JEAN MERCURE, famous actor-director, shown above in his latest success *La Volupté de l'Honneur*. Mercure's passion is the intellectual play; the harder the problem, the more he enjoys the attack. With *La Volupté* (by Pirandello) he became first winner of a new *Prix* founded by a Montmartre restaurateur, once a critic in czarist Russia.



THE YEAR'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL BOOK, in which Frédéric Hoffet, an Alsatian psychiatrist with a stern approach, plumbs the diverse psyche of Paris, taking—on the whole—a rather dim view of her famous and quite generally admired gayety.



LOUIS DUCREUX, another triple-talented man of the theatre. A favourite for the *Prix de la Mise en Scène*, won by Mercure (far left), he has staged all Roussin's plays, acts and writes, too.



MICK MICHEYL, singing now, at L'Alhambra, in her deep, whole-souled voice, her own songs. The songs, the voice, won for her in 1950 the Grand Prix de la Chanson, in 1953 the Grand Prix du Disque. Plunging from lightness to tragedy, her big hits are "Gamin de Paris," "Ni Toi ni Moi."



NICOLAI GEDDA, a rich-voiced young tenor, now in the Opéra's new production of Wéber's *Oberon*. Half-Swedish, half-Russian, he was once a choir boy in Stockholm, sang last season in *Les Indes Galantes*.



JEAN BEHRA, racing driver, idol of the speed-mad young; on his low sky-blue racing cars (built by Amédée Gordini, in background) ride the hopes of France in international races. Known for his coolness, his unswerving courage, he was the French motorcycle champion before he took to four wheels.



GEORGES BRASSENS, singer and composer; his songs, tender or bawdy ("The Little Horse," "The Bad Reputation," "The Gorilla"), are sung all over Paris. Shy, rather glum, uncheered by success, he sings in night clubs if he likes the audience's looks (if he doesn't, he leaves); lives in a small, bare room.



JEANNE MOREAU, new love of French movie-goers, in such films as *Dortoir des Grandes*, *Julietta*, *Touchez pas au Gribi*. An accomplished stage actress, she has played ingénues, prostitutes, with equal skill; will do a season with Jean Marais, acting Shaw, Cocteau, Shakespeare.



ANTONI CLAVÉ, brilliant Spanish painter, whose current exhibition is an enormous hit. He designed sets for Roland Petit's ballet, *Carmen*, the film, *Hans Christian Andersen*.

PARIS *continued*



JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT and his company, packing the Théâtre Marigny with their tense, sparkling production of Giraudoux's *Pour Lucrèce* (Dior-costumed). *Left to right:* Edwige Feuillère, Simone Valère, Madeleine Renaud, Barrault.



LA MACUMBA, the small, chic new night club (capacity thirty tables), now the place-everybody-tries-to-crowd-into, challenging the two-year ascendancy of L'Éléphant Blanc. On the rue Ste.-Anne, it is always jammed to its bamboo walls, on which tropical birds mysteriously hatch muted lighting; the orchestra plays haunting Brazilian music.



CHRISTIAN D'ORIOLA, fencing champion of the world, the new d'Artagnan. A champion at eighteen, he has now, at twenty-six, won every known fencing title, including the Olympic crown. Behind the flashing foil, his face is pleasant, boyish, almost always smiling.



HENRI DE LAMAZE, finest golfer in a country that has been more famous for tennis players. An amateur, he plays purely for sport, but trains carefully, precisely; he plays at least two rounds daily at St. Cloud, once scored a swashing 61 there.



PIERRE JONQUÈRES D'ORIOLA, horseman, who has been largely responsible for the upsurge in popularity of horse shows in France since the war. A cousin of fencer Christian d'Oriola, he won the Olympic jumping championship for France on his great jumpers "Ali Baba" and "Voulette."



PIERRE GASCAR, winner of the Prix Goncourt for his two sad, good books, *Le Temps des Morts*, about a German horror camp (based on his own experiences as a World War II prisoner), and *Les Bêtes*, a book of harrowing short stories about animals. Under his real name, Fournier, he is drama critic of the daily *France-Soir*.



GEORGES WAKHEVITCH, scenery and costume designer for the new production of Stravinsky's "Firebird" at the Opéra. Known to his friends as "Wakhé," he has been mixed up with so many hits he is regarded as a talisman: among them, *Les Indes Galantes, Hélène ou la Joie de Vivre.*



PHILIPPE CLAY, tall, gangling, rubber-legged, singing at the Trois Baudets his songs, "Viens," and "Le Noyé Assassiné" (in this, he is at the bottom of the Seine and hates every minute of it).



NICOLAS DE STAËL, painter, whose quiet semi-abstractions (often splashed with sudden, brilliant colour) were shown recently at the Rosenberg Gallery in New York, will be in the Venice Biennale.



ZOË OLDENBOURG, winner of the Prix Femina for her novel, *La Pierre Angulaire* (The Cornerstone), about a mediaeval pilgrimage. A profound student of the Middle Ages, she writes brilliantly of their ambivalence, their barbarity and faith, darkness and light. Her first novel, *Argile*, was published in the U. S. in 1948 as *The World Is Not Enough.*



GEORGES LAFAYE, his four assistants, and their shadow-plays at the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons: invisible themselves, they finagle moving, lighted objects to stage a murder mystery, or an affair between a top hat, a feather boa.



HENRY CLARKE



CHALK-WHITE CHIGNON CAP: GIVENCHY

FRENCH CHALK: INTERNATIONAL TALK

CHALK-WHITE DINNER BLOUSE: DIOR

The new chalk-white fashion in Paris: causing much international fashion-excitement. Vogue's Paris report (March 1 issue) had a bulletin on it. Now, more fresh French whiteness. It will make its mark in summer wardrobes everywhere. *Facing page:* From Dior, a look that he's named "Nuit de Château"—a wonderful look for dinners-at-home anywhere in the world. Chalk-white handkerchief linen, pleated to blouse up from the waist of a simple grey faille dress (or any summer dinner skirt). News, too, the jewels—waist-length festoons of chalky-white beads. *Above:* From Givenchy, the youngest, freshest excuse-for-a-hat in Paris, and one of a dozen such in his collection. A chalk-white organdie handkerchief, seemingly buttoned to the head. In America, at Bergdorf Goodman; Carson Pirie Scott.



HENRY CLARKE

NEWEST PARIS FABRIC: CLOQUÉ PIQUÉ

GRÈS

Above: From Grès, a short dinner dress in the bubbled piqué that's a Paris hit—
the skirt a series of godets, the bodice the prettiest triangle ever cut. Pale blue, with a
bubbly white design that gives it the look of precious porcelain. Bergdorf Goodman.
Right: From Balenciaga, a smart new town look in the smart new cloqué piqué.
Chalk-white slipover and skirt, put together with superbly nonchalant effect. At I. Magnin.
The hat, Balenciaga's newest, wearing a tulle-wrapped pigtail at one side.

BALENCIAGA





Facing page: Moved over to the sleeves, the pockets of this Balenciaga coat. It's one of the best coats in Paris—a beautifully simple flow of beige tweed, with a buttoned band down the front. In America, at Henri Bendel; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jordan Marsh; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

PARIS: BALENCIAGA'S NEW MOVES



This page, above: New moves Balenciaga makes in the suit—buttons shifted over to the man's side (the right); pockets lowered level with the hem. Black and white checked wool buttoned with cut-steel flowers. In America, at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Filene's; Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson; I. Magnin.

This page, left: Balenciaga's hats—moving back of the hairline (for evening, they're so far back they're practically chignons). This suit hat, yellow straw laced with a straw ribbon. In America, at Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE





HENRY CLARKE

PARIS PRINTS: ROSES, PAISLEYS

FATH

Above: From Fath, for late day, blown roses and a lovely, blowing line.
Under a tiny, closely-moulded jacket, a dress with an oval neck, bare bow-tied shoulders.
Silk print—pink and olive-green on grey. In America, at I. Magnin.
Right: From Balenciaga, for late day, Paisley silk organdie in shades of grey,
and a new late-day length—coat and dress barely clear the ankle. Note the coat collar,
cut away at the front; and the late-day hat, Balenciaga's petunia satin saucer.

BALENCIAGA



People are talking about...

People are talking about . . . The possibility of a further snarl in Korea. . . . The pleasure of escapist movies with no thought at all in their little minds. . . . The way television commercials seem long and longer while radio ones, just as long, seem more ignorable. . . . The woman at T. S. Eliot's comedy, *The Confidential Clerk*, who asked her escort, "But *which* of them do you think is the Holy Ghost?". . . The rice-white grace of Azuma, the Kabuki dancer.

People are talking about . . . Germaine Montero, singing in a low voice, rough and durable as industrial diamonds, her French girl-of-the-street songs, too sad to be bawdy, among them *La Fille de Londres*, a Paris hit; recorded by Vanguard. . . . The phrase the young draftees at Fort Dix use: "I've been volunteered." . . . The Sargent, Cassatt, and Whistler paintings coming to the Metropolitan Museum, reminding people of the old foolishness, "What would you say if Whistler's Mother walked in?"—"The old lady's off her rocker."

People are talking about . . . Phil Silvers, with his savvy long-faced humour in the happy movie, *Top Banana*, which is the musical comedy filmed whole on stage. . . . The fascination of going through black narrow tunnels in which spotlights suddenly show extraordinary sculpture in the Andes art exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. . . . The hold of the book, *The Man Who Never Was*, by Ewen Montagu, who explains how the British misled the Germans in World War II by floating false documents in to the Spanish coast on a corpse. Consulted about the corpse, Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous Scotland Yard pathologist, said: "You have nothing to fear from a Spanish post-mortem; to detect that this young man had *not* died after an aircraft had been lost at sea would need a pathologist of my experience—and there aren't any in Spain."

People are talking about . . . The Jules Verne imaginations of travel agents who are now regularly offering a cruise one thousand miles up the Amazon or a jaunt to the auction of former King Farouk's treasures. . . . London's airy hit, *A Day by the Sea*, played by Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud, and Sir Lewis Casson. . . . *It Isn't This Time of Year at All*, Oliver St. John Gogarty's new book with such delicious characters as "life's greatest optimist, Brian O'Lynn who, when he fell into a river, exclaimed hopefully, 'There's land at the bottom!'" . . . The twelve new Stuart Davis paintings at the Downtown Gallery. . . . The Columbia LP recording of Borodin's Polovtsian Dances, one of which is known more familiarly as "Stranger in Paradise." . . . The man who was asked if he had seen Cinerama and said, "No, but I read the book."

"Baba, the bearded lady," a charmer in 9 countries.

Blanche Thebom in Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress."

Opposite: Parading an international sisterhood of enchanting though bearded ladies, *The Rake's Progress* has been played, since its Venice début in 1951, in Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Austria, France, Scotland, and the United States. Behind Baba the Turk's elegant beaver in the Metropolitan Opera production, Blanche Thebom's rosy handsome face gleams with relish for her fun-and-bravura rôle. She sings enormously this part, one of the brilliant spots in a controversial opera, buoyed by Igor Stravinsky's occasionally magnificent music. (Although scorned by some of the New York critics in its second season, *The Rake's Progress* has sold remarkably well on records.) Oddly mixing whimsy with a moral legend of damnation, *The Rake's Progress* allows Baba, a symbol of decadence, to have a curious, disturbing bloom and vigour.



Fonda-Nolan duel:

"THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL"

The magnificent "breakdown" scene when Captain Queeg collapses under the questioning of the defense lawyer, played superbly by Henry Fonda. Lloyd Nolan's Queeg is an unforgettable performance—a masterpiece of nervous agility, almost controlled.

Captain Queeg's uneasy plausibility.

The Captain's phony laugh.

The Captain loses
his temper.

The Captain breaks
his face crumples,
he sobs; no one
can look at him.

ELLIOTT ERWITT



SENATOR ALEXANDER WILEY, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, photographed in the Senate subway, with Julius Cahn, the Committee's counsel.

People are talking about . . . in

WASHINGTON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Senator Wiley of Wisconsin who has a solid influence on America; he is the first man in the Senate with whom foreign relations are discussed—as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he gives the signal for timing of legislation, sizes up the often bad temper of the Senate. A tired, genial extrovert who can snap a command, Senator Wiley changed notably with the times, became internationally minded during the war. In his high-ceilinged, disordered set of offices, homey with hundreds of photographs and attic-like piles of pamphlets, he said recently, his hands firm on the desk, his voice booming: "I am unalterably opposed to the Bricker Amendment." Someone said of him: "In the Senate he is in charge of the Cold War and the Hot Peace." To his Committee comes, among other matters, the apportioning of about 4.2 billion dollars in military aid to the free world. Making some of the analyses on which Senator Wiley bases his decisions is Julius Cahn, who has been with him for the past nine years, is now counsel to the Foreign Relations Committee. This youngish, happy-looking man, who came originally from the Republican National Committee, prefers to work quietly, out of sight of the public. From his office desk he does most of the day-to-day telephone talks with the State Department on foreign problems.



HERMAN PHLEGER, the Legal Adviser to the State Department.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Herman Phleger, a hearty, rather jolly, party-liking man who is head of all the legal brains in the State Department, spends much, but not all, of his time seeing that U.S. treaties have nothing in them conflicting with the Constitution, its Bill of Rights, and all the other amendments. In addition, to him goes the problem of treaty foresight, for the Legal Adviser must see that if a treaty is apt to establish a precedent, that precedent must not be detrimental to future generations. To Phleger came the Bricker Amendment for examination and interpretation. He is against it.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Dr. Arthur Burns (who has a regular weekly appointment, Mondays at eleven, with President Eisenhower) wrote, with the aid of the other two members of the Economic Council and the staff, the President's annual economic report. (In the photograph at the right, Dr. Burns is shown reading galley proofs of the report in his office, an enormous white room decorated with graphs. A relaxed, pipe-smoking hard worker, who drinks his coffee in a cardboard container at his desk, Dr. Burns carries lightly his reputation as one of the three most brilliant minds in Washington. He is a full professor on leave from Columbia University, a Democrat for Eisenhower, a conservative but not a reactionary in economics, the man who is believed to know the most about the workings of business cycles. Since he obviously likes people and knows how to get along with them, he has also been made chairman of the new Advisory Board on Economic Growth and Stability, a group of men on the Under Secretary level from eight departments and agencies including the White House. They are the evaluators and the advance planners. To Dr. Burns, his function is to integrate a program for the President in which one economic hand does not cancel out the other economic hand.

DR. ARTHUR F. BURNS, Chairman, Council of Economic Advisers to the President





W. RANDOLPH BURGESS,

Deputy to the Secretary of the Treasury.



DR. GABRIEL HAUGE,

Administrative Assistant to the President.

ADMIRAL LEWIS STRAUSS, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission

ELLIOTT ERWITT



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . W. Randolph Burgess, a calm, tall, intellectual man whose principal job is the management of the public debt, now close to the statutory limit of 275 billions. At some time this year, ill-protected by graphs, Burgess and Secretary Humphrey are expected to go to Congress to urge the raising of the debt limit to 290 billions, a figure certain to bring on a messy fight. The Treasury argument: raise the limit so that the debt may be managed to the best advantage of the government. Always watching Burgess from the portrait behind his desk (he chose the portrait) are the eyes of explosive Carter Glass, a Virginian Democrat, a former Secretary of the Treasury; said Burgess, "A sound money man."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Dr. Gabriel Hauge, a solid, square-cut youngish man who holds a limitless job no one held before. He helps the President by getting all economic analyses and reports, makes recommendations for economic decisions, works with many governmental departments, but especially with Burns and Burgess, sits in on all White House economic talks. In his big, grey, square office he has several notable items: a "crisis board" with messages of vital action to take; five paintings, including a Prendergast, a Segonzac, and a Picasso rooster; and this motto, long in the family of Hauge's father, a Lutheran clergyman in the same Minnesota parish for fifty-four years:

"Eat your own Bread
Obey the Law
Trust in God."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Lewis Strauss, a courtly, amusing Virginian, the firm but non-explosive head of the Atomic Energy Commission, in whose present office the Joint Chiefs of Staff used to plan World War II strategy. Soon the Strauss advice on amendments to the Atomic Energy Act will go to Congress, which has already recognized him as the man who saw to it that the U. S. could detect Soviet atomic explosions. Strauss especially backs up the President's proposal for international cooperation leading toward world-wide sharing of the non-destructive uses of nuclear energy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Roger M. Kyes who carries out the policies of Secretary Wilson—they are two men who act as one—works almost constantly, his pace steady but relaxed. When he came to the Pentagon, he found to his surprise that there were no problems new to his industrial experience since technical and manpower problems are the same in principle everywhere. So tall that he had to have his desk raised to get his knees under, he is an enthusiastic small-joke man, a Harvard graduate who tends to call people he likes "Honey." After the Services reared back, startled at the new Secretaries' first changes, Kyes said: "When we put on the brakes, some of the fellows fell out of the carriage."

ROGER M. KYES,
Deputy Secretary of Defense.





AMERICAN-AMERICAN BEAUTY:
MRS. BERTRAND TAYLOR III

She looks like everyone's idea of the young American beauty—
and she's beautiful in any language,
with her clear-eyed crystal-green gaze, brown hair offsetting
a blonde's pink and white complexion.
Mrs. Taylor's in her twenties; lives in New York City
with her husband and two young daughters.



MEXICAN-GERMAN BEAUTY:
COUNTESS DOLORES FURSTENBERG

Only seventeen, she has beauty far over and above
the bright bloom of youth—and it's partly a matter of internationality.
Countess Furstenberg, here from France
on her first American visit, is the daughter of the dark,
lovely Mrs. Loel Guinness, formerly Gloria Rubio,
and of Count Franz Egon Furstenberg.

PRIGENT

THE MAN WHO PLANTED HOPE AND GREW HAPPINESS

By Jean Giono

For a human character to reveal truly exceptional qualities, one must have the good fortune to be able to observe its performance over many years. If this performance is devoid of all egoism, if its guiding motive is unparalleled generosity, if it is absolutely certain that there is no thought of recompense and that, in addition, it has left its visible mark upon the earth, then there can be no mistake.

About forty years ago I was taking a long trip on foot over mountain heights quite unknown to tourists, in that ancient region where the Alps thrust down into Provence. All this, at the time I embarked upon my long walk through these deserted regions, was barren and colourless land. Nothing grew there but wild lavender.

I was crossing the area at its widest point, and after three days' walking, found myself in the midst of unparalleled desolation. I camped near the vestiges of an abandoned village. I had run out of water the day before, and had to find some. These clustered houses, although in ruins, like an old wasps' nest, suggested that there must once have been a spring or a well here. There was indeed a spring, but it was dry. The five or six houses, roofless, gnawed by wind and rain, the tiny chapel with its crumbling steeple, stood about like the houses and chapels in living villages, but all life had vanished.

It was a fine June day, brilliant with sunlight, but over this unsheltered land, high in the sky, the wind blew with unendurable ferocity. It growled over the carcasses of the houses like a lion disturbed at its meal. I had to move my camp.

After five hours' walking I had still not found water, and there was nothing to give me any hope of finding any. All about me was the same dryness, the same coarse grasses. I thought I glimpsed in the distance a small black silhouette, upright, and took it for the trunk of a solitary tree. In any case I started toward it. It was a shepherd. Thirty sheep were lying about him on the baking earth.

He gave me a drink from his water-gourd and, a little later, took me to his cottage in a fold of the plain. He drew his water—excellent water—from a very deep natural well above which he had constructed a primitive winch.

The man spoke little. This is the way of those who live alone, but one felt that he was sure of himself, and confident in his assurance. That was unexpected in this barren country. He lived, not in a cabin, but in a real house built of stone that bore plain evidence of how his own efforts had reclaimed the ruin he had found there on his arrival. His roof was strong and sound. The wind on its tiles made the sound of the sea upon its shores.

The place was in order, the dishes washed, the floor swept, his rifle oiled; his soup was boiling over the fire. I noticed then that he was cleanly shaved, that all his buttons were firmly sewed on, that his clothing had been mended with the meticulous care that makes the mending invisible. He shared his soup with me and afterward, when I offered my tobacco pouch, *(Continued on page 157)*

DREAM OF SPAIN by Irving Penn

This landscape in Northern Spain lies just off the main motor road from Madrid to the Pyrenees, a road once travelled, as a cart-track, by Romans and Carthaginians, Visigoths and Moors, the troops of Wellington and Napoleon. Then as now, yellow, shimmering, sun-drenched, it watched them pass (the clouds of yellow dust they raised settled quickly); and the peasant working his field, his team of oxen yoked to a cart, barely glanced up from his work to see them go by.







MAESTRO JOAQUIN RODRIGO (right); though blind, he is considered Spain's most brilliant composer; shown receiving an award from Education Minister Jiménez.



AGUSTIN FOXA, Conde de Foxa, diplomat and author, who has written witty, biting articles on the U. S.; now on leave from the Spanish Embassy in Havana to finish a play.



THE NEW AIR MINISTRY IN MADRID, and its architect, Luis Gutiérrez Soto. About this handsome, block-long building, Madrid café-goers have a pet joke: A visitor asks, "Why do you need such a big Air Ministry with so few planes?" The Madrileño replies, "Perhaps because we have so much air!" Soto is Madrid's busiest, most successful architect, is now designing a big new apartment building.



SEÑORA MERCEDES FORMICA DE LLOSENT, beautiful, idealistic, a woman lawyer, editor, and controversial champion of women's rights. (Her coat, like a lawyer's cape, by Pertegaz.)



VICENTE VIUDES, painter; he designs scenery and costumes for the Teatro Español, the Pilar López ballet; is a well-known muralist; may do the decorations for Edgar Neville's flamenco café.



EDGAR NEVILLE, Conde de Berlanga, playwright, producer, authority on flamenco dancing, now planning a genuine flamenco *café cantante* in Madrid's old quarter.

People are talking about...in MADRID

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT ... More hotels, more cars on the streets, and more Americans.... The new hotels subtly changing the pattern of Madrid life; even the most conventional Madrileños, though they still lunch and dine at home, have a cocktail at the splendid new Fénix, or the American-owned Castellana Hilton, where they enjoy such exotic delicacies as club sandwiches and Scotch on the rocks.... The brilliant campaign for women's rights being conducted by Mercedes Formica, in private life Señora de Llosent (above), who buttresses her case with painstaking legal documentation (such as the fact that a Spanish will witnessed by a woman is not valid).... The partridge shooting, better this year than it's been in anyone's memory, and the rush of Americans to rent shooting preserves (which can be had much cheaper than Scottish moors); the rumour that one American sportsman has taken a three-year lease, for the shooting, on half the province of Toledo.... The emergence of the new Greater Madrid after almost fifteen years of reconstruction; the blocks of new apartment *(Continued on page 153)*

NEW SPANISH SUIT-COLLAR (opposite): Causing much new interest in Madrid's lightly fitted suits, the enormous collar added by Pertegaz—note the exciting new shift in proportion it accomplishes, the new freshness and flattery with which it surrounds the woman. Here, white piqué spread on fine red serge, and a white piqué hat folded like a table napkin. (Toreadors' suits? No change noted or predicted—tradition seldom wavers in the Plaza del Toros.)

HENRY CLARKE



HENRY CLARKE

SPAIN

Right: Spanish Victorian, then and now—photographed against the charming old tiled scenery of the restaurant Villa-Rosa in Madrid, the "combing coat" seen as a 1954 evening coat by Pertegaz. Sea-green silk paper taffeta flounces, bow-tied. *Above:* Short evening dress from Pertegaz—puckered black silk taffeta, the boned top tying back over the shoulders like a loose halter. The door: opening into Las Cuevas de Luis Candelas, colourful old Madrid tavern once a bandit's hide-out. *Below:* Late-day dress by Rodriguez (and late-day in Madrid is a fashion story that lasts till 11 P.M.)—black silk shantung, the tied bolero a new Rodriguez theme. Scene: Las Cuevas de Luis Candelas, again. *All three:* here at Wanamaker's Phila.



People are
talking about...in **ROME**

MOVIES . CARS . ARCHITECTURE . SWEATERS





GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA (opposite), undisputed movie queen with her new film, *Bread, Love and Fantasy*, in which, barefoot in a damp shift, her magnificent body magnificently obvious, she gives a vigorous, subtle performance in a rumbustious peasant tale. ISETTA (above), a revolutionary new car, not much bigger than an ice-cream wagon, opening in front like a sedan chair, its motor at the rear, a model so rare that crowds run after it; parked, here, beside the extraordinary, glass-stair-railed apartment house by architect Moretti. SWEATERS, the Roman uniform for all day, informal evenings. Right, Simonetta's, with a red fringe-tipped stripe, worn here with velvet pants and Luciana's new coral and fake pearl earrings. Sweater and earrings, at Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. *(Continued, next page)*

PAUL HIMMEL

ROME *continued*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The uneasy regret over losing Premiers De Gasperi and Pella.... The growing, almost cosy interest in the American Ambassador, "La Luce."... Romans building houses along the Appian Way, dug in below ground eye-level, since the law forbids blocking the view of the ruins.... More St. Joans: Ingrid Bergman, with her tender performance, in accented Italian, of the Claudel-Honegger oratorio, *Joan at the Stake,* in Naples; and in Rome one of Italy's best young actresses, Lilla Brignone, in Paris' hit of the year, Anouilh's Joan play, *L'Alouette* (see also Paris and Dublin news).

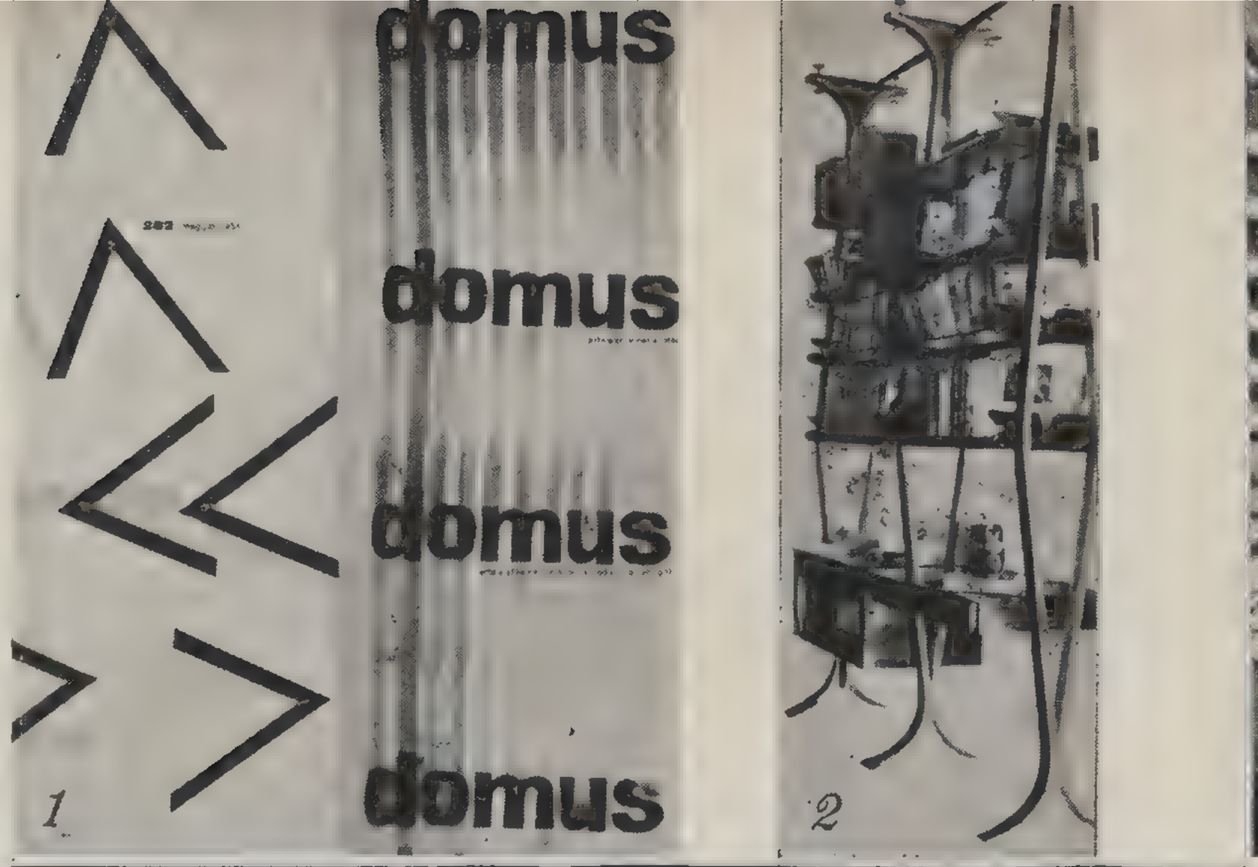
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Filliberto Spardella, the young architect who carpeted and walled his new house in mosaics.... The craze for Sunday painting, with a few professionals appearing: Enrico d'Assia, son of ex-King Boris of Bulgaria, who paints with dreamy cool clarity, and Count Manolo Borromeo, with his bright, decisive still-lifes, both scheduled for American exhibitions (d'Assia, Carstairs Gallery in April; Borromeo, Hugo Gallery in April).... The gold-rush of good writers to the movie boom.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The night club, Victor's, purring with intrigue and out-of-bounds to nice young girls.... The rejuvenation of Giovanni Papini, one of Italy's oldest and most famous writers, once again a best-seller with *The Devil,* banned by the Vatican, and now in its fourth edition.... Comedian Walter Chiari, whose skits on everyday Italian life have much the same effect on audiences that Danny Kaye has.... Spaghetti with bacon at the tiny Moros restaurant.... The big happy parties, topped by the blazing début ball for three young beauties at the Palazzo Torlonia.... The sad still pessimism about Italy's future.

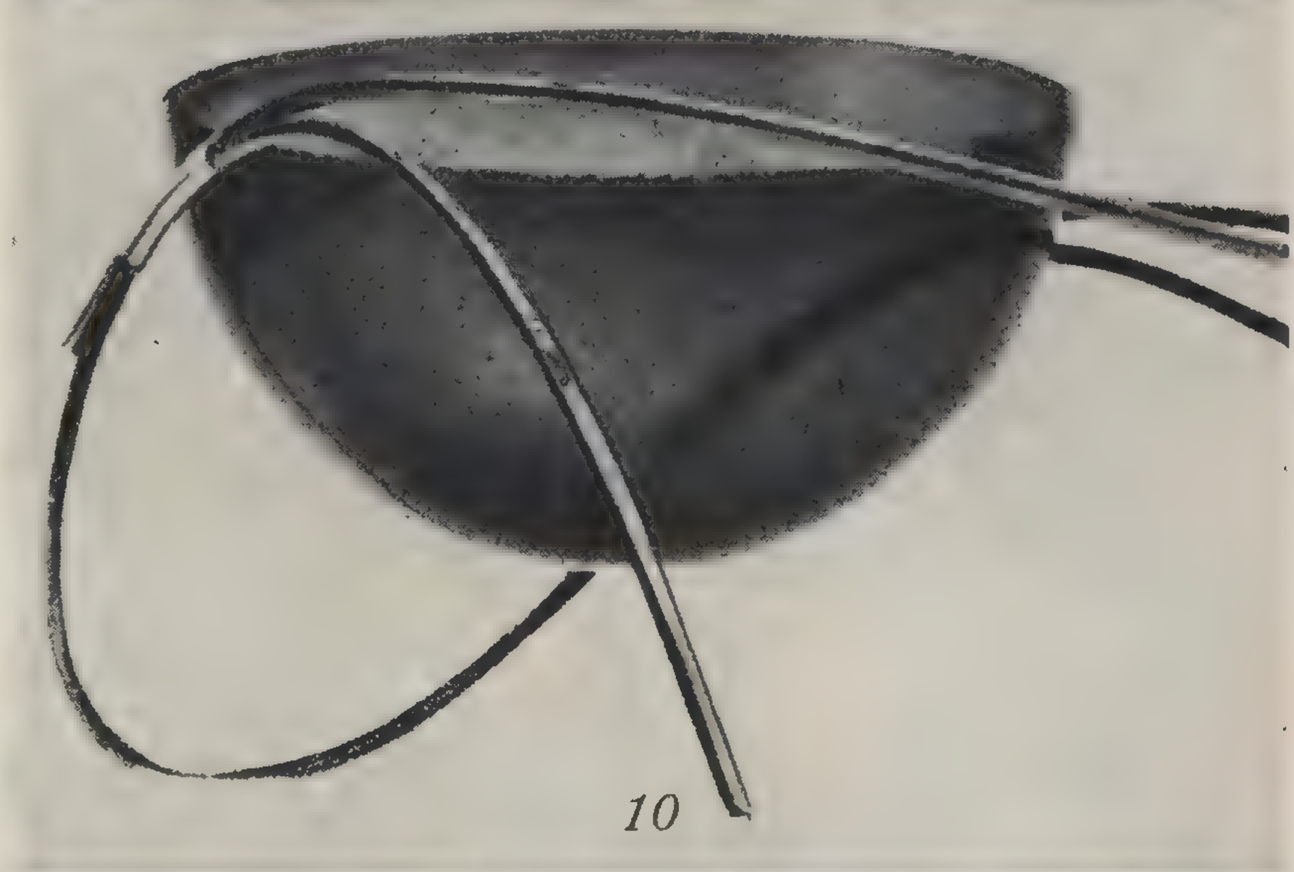
CONTINUED RENAISSANCE IN ITALIAN DESIGN

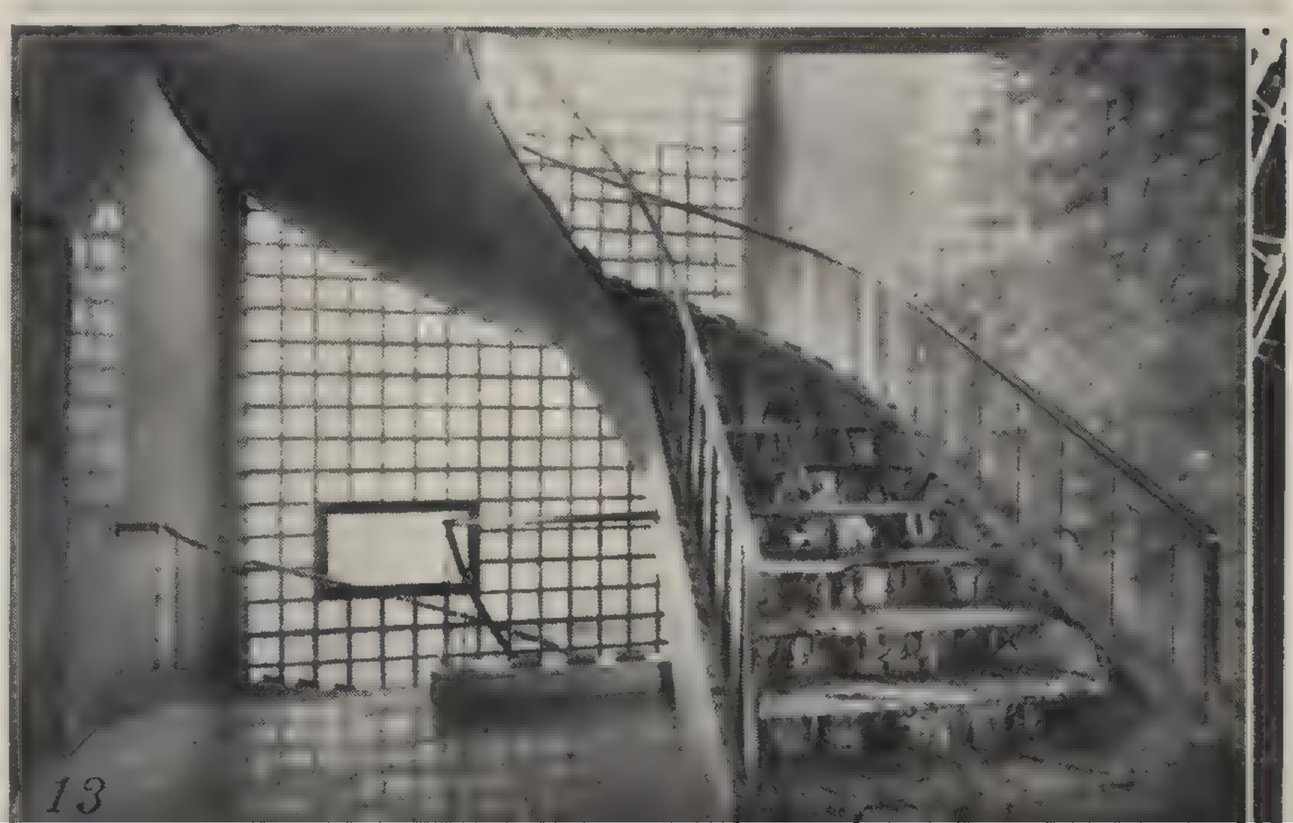
The great Italian magazine, *domus,* which influences, records, and spreads design and architectural effects from all over the world, has spread its own visual stimulation to other countries. Published in Milan, *domus* has especially shown the way Italy's designers have created since the end of World War II. (From *domus* came this cross section of objects and architecture, all based on Italian designs.)

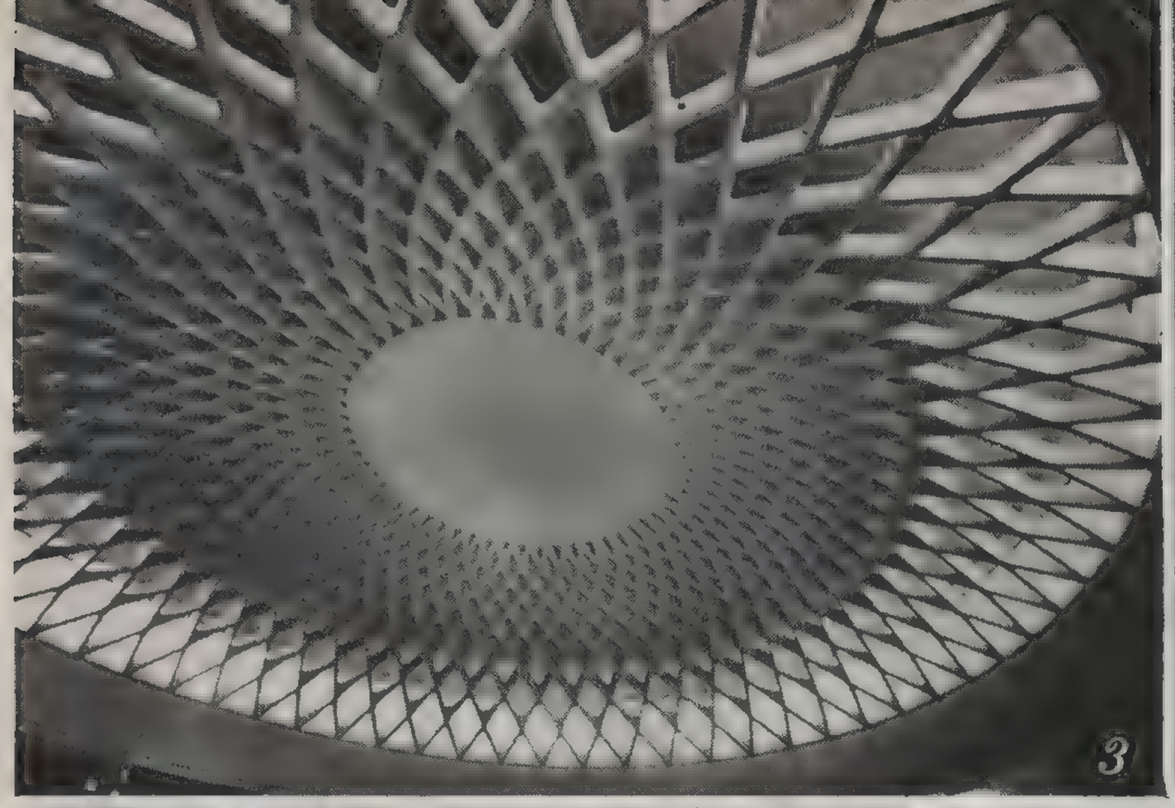
1. *domus* cover; grey and black geometrics, a strong yellow stripe.
2. Wooden bookcase using the techniques of ski-making; by Parisi.
3. Ceiling design with a flower-image in reinforced concrete; by Nervi.
4. Sculpture stand that rotates, rises and descends; by Franco Albini.
5. Pebble-mosaic pavement to use indoors or out (detail); by Fulget.
6. Children's slide, a dream in three parts, ladder, slide, and support; by the engineer-architect team, Francesco Clerici and Vittoria Faglia.
7. Lacquered screen, slightly *trompe l'œil;* by surrealist, Fornasetti.
8. Olivetti typewriter, like sculpture in pressed aluminum; by Niczoli.
9. Marble, two contrasting varieties, used freshly for the entrance of a *palazzo* in the Roman Exposition grounds; by A. Libera.
10. Brass and plexiglass vase; by Ettore Sottsass, junior.
11. Lighting, in Milan's "Permanente" Gallery; round openings let in the sun to alternate with large rectangles of fluorescent lighting; by Achille and Pier Giacomo Castiglioni, Luigi Fratino.
12. Newsprinted linen and china, with a centrepiece of newspaper roses; by Fornasetti "who can print everything."
13. Free-swinging marble staircase, no walls attached; by Luigi Ghó.
14. Purple and red canvas tent, extremely elegant, with its frame a collapsible skeleton, constructed of metal tubing; by Ernesto Rogers.
15. Expandable table for four (top photograph) with leaves that fold out, one at a time to seat five, six, seven, or eight; by Mangiarotti.
16. Sunflower chair, a wicker shell on an iron base; by Roberto Mango.










3

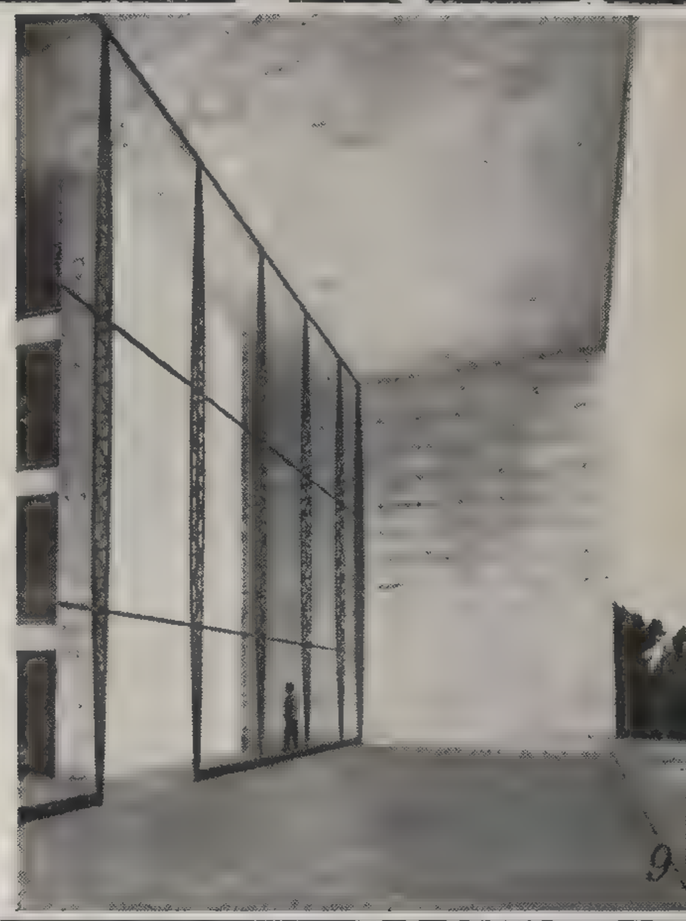

4

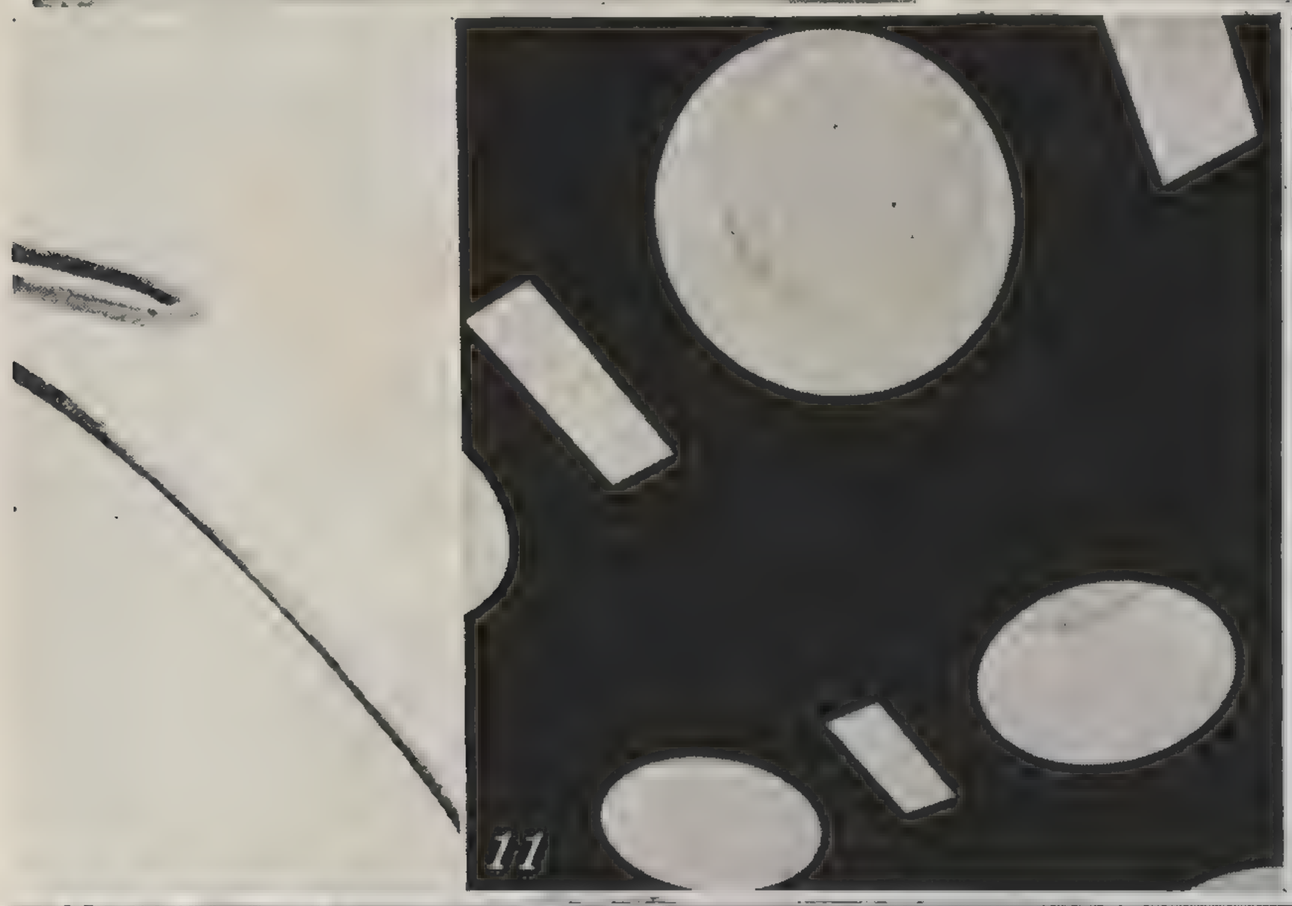

5


7



8

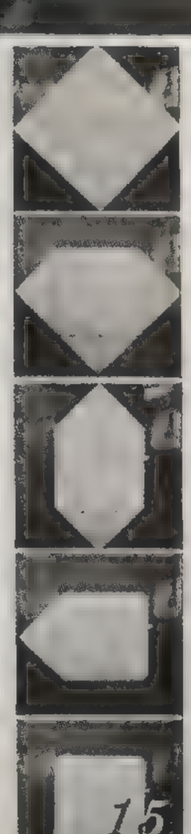

9

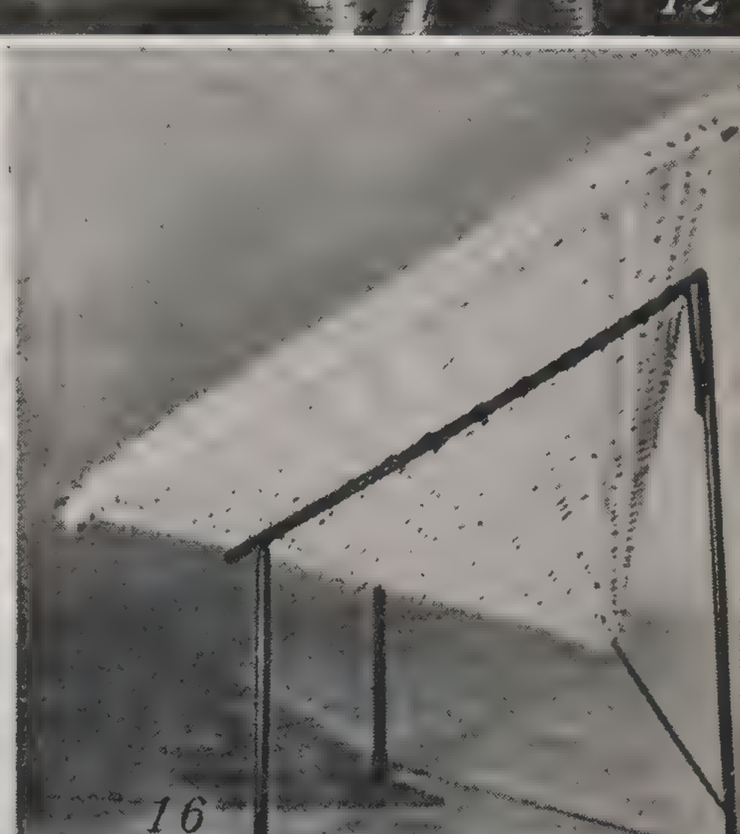

11



12


14


15


16



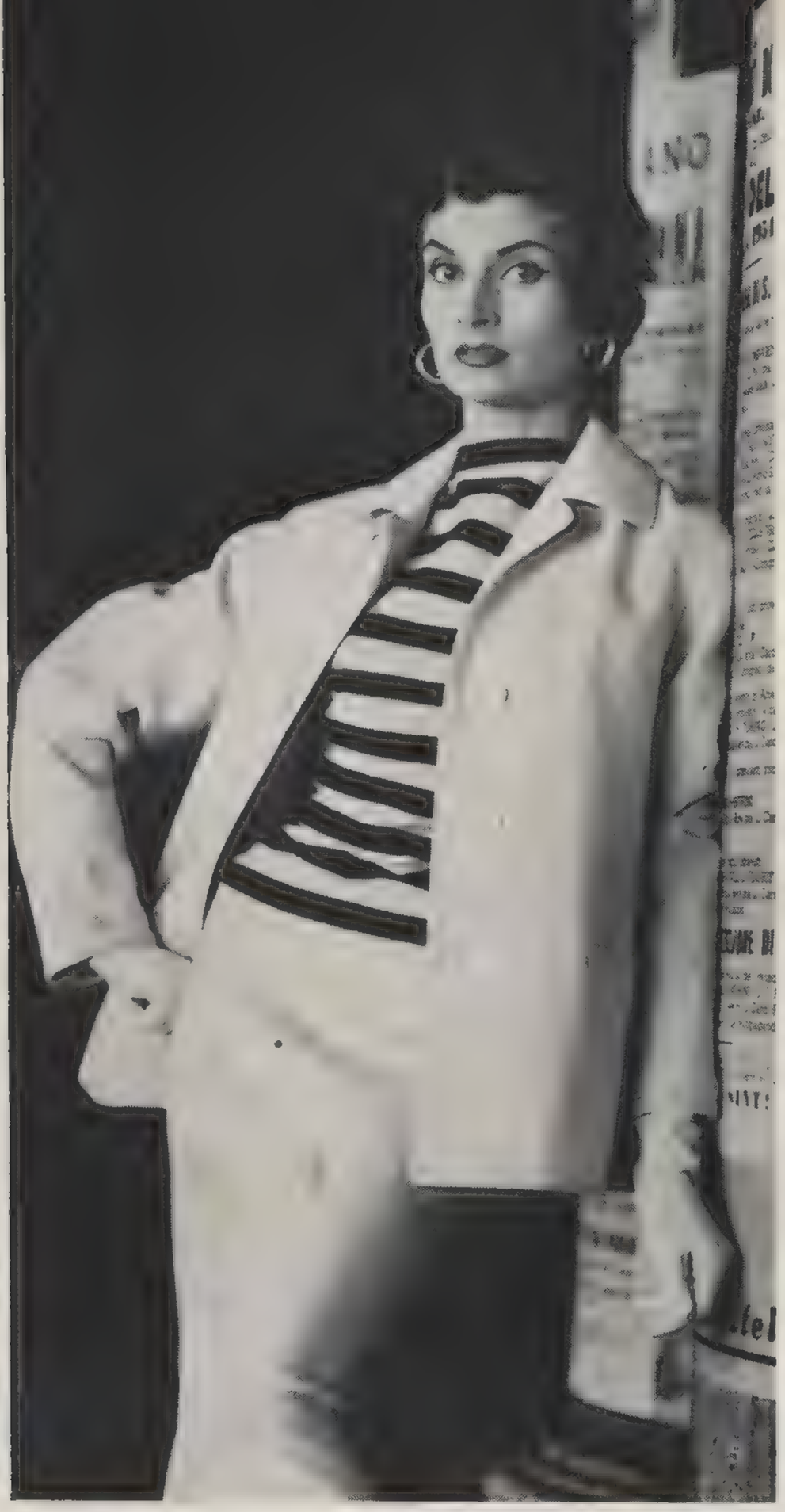
2





3

4





ITALY

On-the-scene report on the 1954 fashion: very good indeed—the new Italian suits, coats, sweaters, pants, play clothes. As these six photographs show (more in April 1 Vogue), many are of international clothes-interest. Among other changes that may influence women thousands of miles from the Via Veneto: the new, longer, neater Italian haircuts; handsome turtle-neck jerseys worn all day with suits; and then, at five, the exact opposite—dresses with deep new décolleté. Still dramatically pale, make-up applied in the Italian manner. *1. The black pouf dress:* Battilocchi's favourite new line in dinner dresses—a pleated skirt banded with beads to form ballooning tiers. In black silk, and in the spirit of everything in the Battilocchi collection: great personal prettiness. *2. The far-collared coat:* Simonetta's best coat, of rough chalk-blue linen, with her new straight cut and new collar-arrangement—velvet bands placed well away from the neck. Another typical touch (seen on her suits also), the inverted sleeve-pleats. This coat, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I Magnin. *3. The fitted-and-full suit:* Fabiani's new suit line, seen in beige wool. The jacket is snug, with a wide, fitted rib-band; the skirt, a full circle; the tailoring, perfection—Fabiani is a tailor who can hold his own in any couture in the world. *4. The wide-collared suit:* Eleanora Garnett's new invention, a cardigan suit with a big optional collar—it's part of the blouse underneath, can be worn inside. Here, cherry silk shantung, showing the collar of its navy-blue blouse. In America, at Mme. Garnett's New York shop, and I. Magnin. (Parked alongside: the new Maserati, the car champion Juan Manuel Fanjio drove to victory in the Buenos Aires race.) *5. The white suit:* Avolio's great talent for working with jersey, exemplified here in a box-jacket suit with its own jersey shirt (navy-blue and white stripes). For town—in Paris, Balenciaga is making a big thing of white town cottons. This Avolio suit, in America at Altman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. *6. The flared costume:* Veneziani's new stand—a real look of dressmaking by day. Under a stiff-skirted coat of black waffle silk (brass buttons, each side), a full-skirted dress of satiny black and white silk with a white cotton shirt-front. The pretty Italian posing? That pretty American, now living in Rome—Mrs. Edward B. Condon, the former Payne Payson.

PAUL HIMMEL



DONNA SANDRA VITTORIA TORLONIA WITH SIGNORINA LETIZIA SIGNORINI AND DONNA FRANCESCA PATRIZI

ITALY

Above: The stars of the most brilliant ball of the Roman season—the triple début, at the Palazzo Torlonia, of three pretty Roman friends. Left, blond Donna Sandra Vittoria Torlonia, daughter of the Infanta Beatrice of Spain and Prince Alessandro Torlonia, in tulle-and-satin by Irene Galitzine. Centre, brunet Signorina Letizia Signorini, daughter of Signore and Signora Renato Signorini. Right, Donna Francesca Patrizi, titian-haired daughter of Marchese and Marchesa Bernardo Patrizi. The latter two dresses, by the Sorellis Botti. *Right:* Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, daughter of Contessa Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia and the late Ambassador Attolico, in the family villa near Rome. A recent visitor to New York, she is now studying at the University of Naples. Dress: Giovanelli-Sciarra.

DONNA MARIA CARMELA ATTOLICO DI ADELFIA

PAUL HIMMEL



NORMAN PARKINSON



People are talking about...in

DUBLIN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Ireland's flare-up of self-awareness.... The year's hit, *This Other Eden,* a consistently witty play by Louis D'Alton (who died before he finished it), in which he ticked off Irish foibles, using as plot an Englishman who becomes more Irish than the Irish, with a humour as quick as a sword-thrower's eye.... The rush of road-building, of housing.... Michael Scott, Ireland's leading architect, designer of Dublin's new glass and concrete bus station, and his plans for the new Abbey Theatre which will be larger than the old burned-down building but not so big that even a wink on stage will be lost.... The return to making the famous Waterford glass, a project stimulated by Joe McGrath, manager of the equally famous Hospital Sweepstakes.... Long-faced, white-haired Peadar O'Donnell, editor of *The Bell,* a violently independent, out-on-a-limb literary magazine. *(Continued on page 153)*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE IRISH COUTURE... now figuring on the international fashion map. Photographed here, two designs from the current collection of Sybil Connolly, the young woman who is the Vitamin C of the Erin-go-Couture movement. *Coat at right:* Donegal "whitewashed tweed," against a whitewashed Irish wall. Lord & Taylor. *The dress above:* A pleated dinner blouse of fine white Irish linen and a pewter-grey linen skirt, its hand-embroidery patterned after a detail of Georgian architecture. It's photographed in one of Ireland's most magnificent Georgian rooms—part of the Provost's Palace of Trinity College in Dublin. The dress, imported in America by Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Wanamaker's, Phila.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Travel

TIP SHEET

on:



BRITAIN

Despite what everyone says, there is sun in England, and much of it shines on the Cornish Riviera, a strip lulled by the wandering Gulf Stream. The village of Mousehole on the Cornish Riviera is notable for its fish, its hotel, called The Lobster Pot, and for its name, which is pronounced *mowsel.* Not far off is Mead Hall, where you can still buy a tankard of mead, a delicious drink made of honey, once popular with the ancient Greeks. If you have pioneer spirit left after the mead, then try Cornish pasties and Devonshire clotted cream.

The beaten path out of London leads to Stratford. Deviationists, however, can veer to the lovely village of Broadway, ten miles away, which has one street and six inns. The Lygon Arms there is a charming establishment, built in 1530, and festooned with copper pans (that will reflect your face) and leaded glass windows that give out on a village built entirely of Cotswold stone. The food is pretty good, and room and bath and board cost less than $7 a day. The calm is broken only now and then when a long-coated stableman leads a pack of hounds up the main street on the way to a hunt.

Old lime trees and beeches line the crooked roads down Ash River Valley in Hertfordshire. Of all the villages, the one that is most popular is Much Hadham, the home of the Labour-in-Vain Inn which vies for quaintness of title with the Cold Bath at Hertford, Hit-and-Miss at Watford, Help-Me-Through-the-World at Codicote, and Rat's Castle at St. Albans. But perhaps Labour-in-Vain's biggest competition comes from the nearby Red Lion. *The Daily Telegraph* said recently, "Youth runs the Red Lion at Much Hadham with cleanliness and great enthusiasm. The fare is simple, unpretentious . . . roast beef and admirable Yorkshire pudding with all the trimmings, featherweight pastry and coffee." It is best to write ahead for there are just three bedrooms, all attractive. The inn was the guest house of a bishop's palace.

Up near Balmoral Castle in the Scottish highlands, where British royalty have been vacationing ever since Queen Victoria made the notion fashionable, is a mansion called Dalmunzie, now a hotel. British royalty go there for the quiet of the hills and for picnics by the rushing streams; if your tastes are more active than that there are golf, tennis, and fishing in a burn that burbles past the hotel windows.

Here are some random notes for London: If you're looking for celebrities or chic international ladies, you will find them at Siegi's Club in Mayfair, which looks as innocuous outside as the House on 92nd Street. Bar downstairs, elegant dining above. . . . And if you don't want to bother with club-dining, it is hard to go wrong almost anywhere on Greek St. or Frith St. in Soho which is filled with small, good restaurants, among them Isola Bella, L'Epicure, Escargot.



ITALY

Hungry Romans have been known to travel all the way up the boot and across nearly to the border of France for dinner at La Mortola, a restaurant outside San Remo on the Italian Riviera. Local residents make a three-hour business of a Mortola meal, especially the antipasto, which comes in forty-two varieties here, including *funghi sott' aceto* (mushrooms in vinegar) and *prosciutto di San Daniele* (the usual cured ham but from a village north of Venice).

American movie stars and many of the elegant men of Rome have their shirts made at the Convent of the Suore Adoratrici del Preziosissimo Sangue. Sister Rosina, who runs the convent, will tell you what the Italian nobility is wearing in shirts, a bit of intelligence she comes by with unerring accuracy, although she has never left the convent these last forty years. You bring one shirt, she has it copied, and the rest are made by a nimble-needle staff composed exclusively of former wayward girls. Extra cuffs and an extra collar come with each shirt, and the price for them last summer was about $10 each, including hand-sewn initials. The address is via de San Giovanni in Latterano #73, Rome.

The big buzz *(Continued on page 154)*



SPAIN

It is not precisely cheap, but if money is less of an object than comfort, the best way of getting around old Spain is in a new ATESA car. The autos are all Fords, Mercurys, and Lincolns of no older vintage than 1951, all driven by uniformed chauffeurs who speak English. Some drivers speak it better than the registered guides encountered en route; one, who has lived in the States and handles the American idiom with delightful ease, delivers himself of a deep bow and a calling card when his passengers take final leave of him at the airport. ATESA's Madrid office is Avenida de José Antonio 59, approximately across the street from TWA. Be prepared to pay a deposit of $300, plus about $20 for car and driver or $12 a day drive-yourself if you want to go it alone among the goatherds.

For those who are downright homesick

for something Yankee, a few short-order fountains have opened on the José Antonio, among them the California which serves hamburgers and hot dogs. The pancakes, however, come with chocolate sauce and whipped cream. Back when Hemingway was writing *The Sun Also Rises,* one of his four-star spots was the Casa Botin. Twenty-odd years later it is still serving quite the best roast suckling pig, the skin brittle, the flesh succulent, and the bill about a dollar a person with wine.

As for hotels, enough has been said of the Hilton and the new Fénix, both of which are up in the residential section, but if you find them full, try the brand new Plaza, an immense building enclosing a swimming pool and offices as well as a hotel, where new modern rooms are $1.75 a day, $2 a day with balcony.

If you get to Seville, don't miss an evening at the Cortijo El Guajiro, an *al fresco* night club surrounded by a stucco wall and bullfight posters. There is no roof, simply because it almost never rains, and under the Andalusian sky, a continuous parade of gipsy dancers, singers, and rhythm keepers maintains a dazzling show far into the Spanish night. Ladies who smile and sing throw jasmine blossoms to the audience to punctuate the *double-entendre* of their lyrics, but the excitement of the evening is the flamenco heels beating on the large wooden table that is the stage. All the talent here was collected by Juan Cortes Hatton, a half-English Spaniard who got tired of taking tourists to the caves and simply went down and signed up the best of the gipsies. Sometime during the evening you will see the bar which is a museum of the *corrida,* decorated with a bull's head and a ticket to the fight in Linares the day the famous toreador, Manolete, was gored fatally and finally.



FRANCE

There are all sorts of ways of getting to Paris as Anita Loos and the *Bon Dieu* well know, but an aggregation known as Silver City Airways will bring you and your automobile over from England in a flying ferry in a matter of twenty minutes. As a matter of fact you *needn't* have a car, for they also fly bicycles, motor bikes, dismounted people, and, upon occasion, cows. Quadrupeds and two- and four-wheelers enter a maw in the nose and ride the cargo area while you sit in a passengers' compartment aft, riding quite the same kind of seats you might find on a normal airliner. Departures are from Gatwick Airport twenty-eight miles from London and from Lympne, which is near Folkestone, about sixty-seven miles out. You land in Le Touquet in Normandy.

You won't find a constellation of Michelin asterisks alongside the name in your guidebook, but if you're within fifty miles—even a hundred miles—detour to the town of Brive, twelve miles from Tulle in the Périgord, and eat in the restaurant of Hotel de la Truffe Noir. This is the heart of the truffle country so you can expect to find everything *truffé* except the *glace.* Anyway, it is one of those places where Frenchmen consume three-hour lunches and the *foie* be damned. It is operated by André Dupart, one of those big-city restaurateurs (he was the final half of Yvonne and André in Paris) who are always talking about buying a place in the country.

South of Brive is the fantastic village of Roc-Amadour which is pasted against the side of a cliff. The cathedral on top is a favourite place of pilgrimage especially at Christmas time, but it is worth an overnight stop almost any time of the year, if for no other reason than to stop your car in the *(Continued on page 154)*

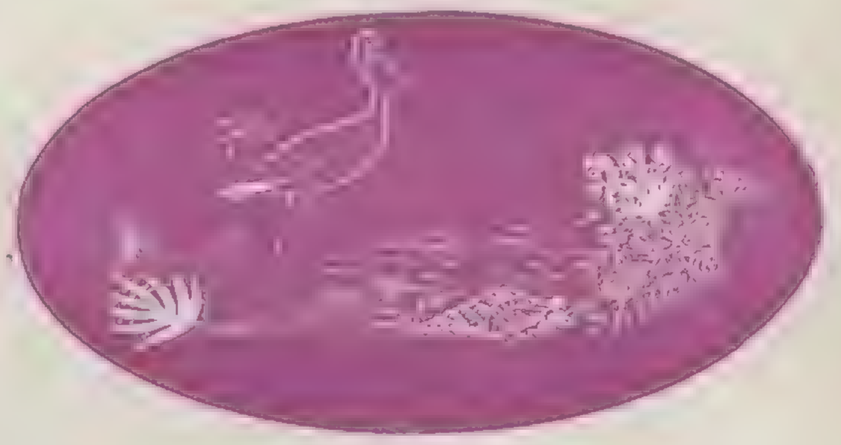


IRELAND

Dublin specializes in stout, the "Sweeps," and unending apathy for a neighbouring tract of land referred to only as "the far side." While the atmosphere of nationalism can be inhaled with the spring air, you ought to go down to the source to see how the "Sweeps" and stout get together. Nominally engaged in the manufacture of stout, the giant Guinness plant has become as much of a traveller's attraction as the Blarney Stone. The tour ends in the oaky surroundings of the sampling room where one is invited to quaff various types of porter and stout, there being local porter, "extra" stout for the U.K., export stout for the rest of Europe, and foreign export stout for the U.S.

It is perhaps less of a risk to one's equilibrium to journey out to Ballsbridge, a Dublin suburb, to visit the world headquarters of the Irish Sweepstakes. For some reason it is never included on tours, although it is an establishment of utter fascination and four acres, inhabited by two thousand girls who mix the foils, keep the files, and search for places like Manasarowar whence four tickets may have just arrived for the June drawing. If you get there on drawing day an Army band plays on the lawn, but you'll have to content yourself on other occasions with watching uniformed ladies shovel the tickets in a mixer while canned music plays over a loudspeaker. A wicket on the premises dispenses "Sweeps" tickets.

Anyone willing to entrain for Inver village, one hundred sixty-two miles from Dublin, will find an inn called Drumbeagh, sitting, as they *(Continued on page 155)*



U. S. A.

One of this nation's most impressive festivals unfolds each summertime in the town of Spearfish in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Here in a natural hillside amphitheater that seats eight thousand people, some ex-German professionals and local extras present a Passion Play on a stage two and a half blocks long. Christ is played by Josef Meier; the Virgin, by his wife. Swept out of Germany by Hitler in the 'Thirties, they settled in this old Indian-invaded town at the mouth of Spearfish Canyon and began presenting Passion Plays on a small scale in 1938. Now the play is presented in mammoth proportions from July to September.

There was never a better place for a shipwreck than along North Carolina's Outer Banks, a hairline of sand dunes that runs along the Atlantic and protects Carolina from the pounding sea. Descendants of shipwrecks, men and beasts, still live on the Outer Banks, especially herds of wild ponies. Every summer the ponies are gathered into domesticity long enough to be branded and counted and then released. This year's pony penning, the great annual event of the Outer Banks, takes place June 2, 5, and 9, July 3 and 5, and August 2 and 11.

The ponies are penned on Core and Shackleford Banks; to get there you have to catch the boat at Harkers Island or Marshallburg. Take U.S. Highway 70 to Beaufort, and ask the way from there. Paved roads lead right up to both quays. Better bring your own lunch as pickings are lean out on the Banks. As for the Bankers themselves, they are *(Continued on page 154)*

HOW THINGS LOOK IN AMERICA—

13 READY ANSWERS



1



2



3

This is American enterprise, as it's worn every day. Here, and ready to put on, the newest fashion uniforms: clothes made to look smart and live well, on everyday terms (without a thread of boredom in the lot). 1. Tweeded dress, good now and through heat waves: it's grey cotton-and-acetate with a snap-in collar of white piqué. By Irving Weber, about $40, at Gunther Jaeckel; I. Magnin. 2. The late-day princesse: grey cotton tweed, the flyaway collar delicately overlaid with a white organdie collar. By Greta Plattry, of Tebilized Herbert Meyer cotton, $35, at Jay Thorpe. 3. Pale-beige dress, in wool gabardine—a dress as seasonless as the new weather. By Zoltan Rosenberg, of Forstmann wool, about $120. Saks Fifth; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz. Deep straw hat, Madcaps. Gloves, Crescendoe; gilt jewellery, Monet. Satchel, Van S. All at Saks Fifth. 4. Good smart choice for a fashion uniform: polka dots. Here, black dots on beige spun rayon. By Justin McCarty, of Mallinson rayon, $18, at Lord & Taylor; Ben Wolfman. 5. The polo-shirt dress: tweeded grey linen. By Dan Keller, of Tebilized Irish linen, $26. Dress, natural straw hat, both, Peck & Peck. 6. Good mild-weather traveller: the sleeveless, knitted wool sheath. This, in beige; a pebble-stitch. (Add: interesting jackets.) By Goldworm, $30. Rough straw hat. Both, Saks Fifth.

COFFIN



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11

7. The new easy-skirted suit, very easy to live in: it's Milliken's Dacron-and-worsted in tidy navy-blue-and-white checks; the skirt enduringly pleated. By Lipman Bros., about $50 at Bloomingdale's; Frederick & Nelson.
8. Mild- (and rainy-) weather uniform: a new black-and-white tweeded coat. By Sherbrooke, of rayon-and-acetate made rain-repellent by Unisec. $35 at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Bag by Rolfs, at Bonwit Teller.
9. Another lightweight coat with a rainy-day bonus: this is ribbed red Everglaze cotton, with white leather buttons and piping. By Lawrence of London, $50; Bergdorf Goodman.
10. To put on immediately, count on till fall—dress of dark grey tweeded Irish linen (Tebilized). By Dan Keller, $25; Saks Fifth.
11. The coat-dress, in very good form: grey rayon-and-silk, beltless, with a princesse line. By Irving Weber, $50; Saks Fifth.
12. For a wearer of junior sizes: dark silk and cotton stripes, a sure-fire silhouette. By Lanz Originals, of M. & W. Thomas fabric, $30. Schaffer belt. Both, at Bonwit Teller.
13. A suit to put on when the temperature reaches 60° (whether that's next week or next July)—of grey cotton cord, with an easy cut. By Lampl, of Reeves cotton, $18. At Altman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's.



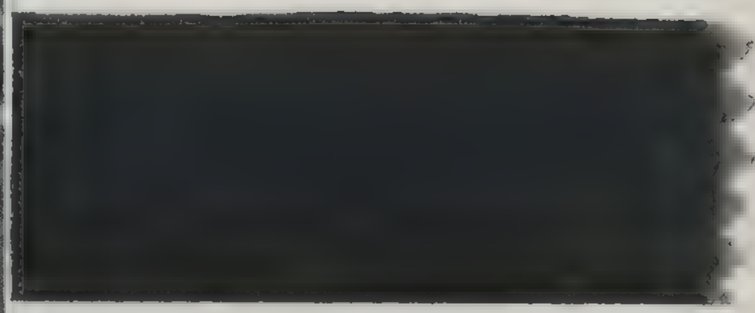
12

COFFIN



13









RAWLINGS

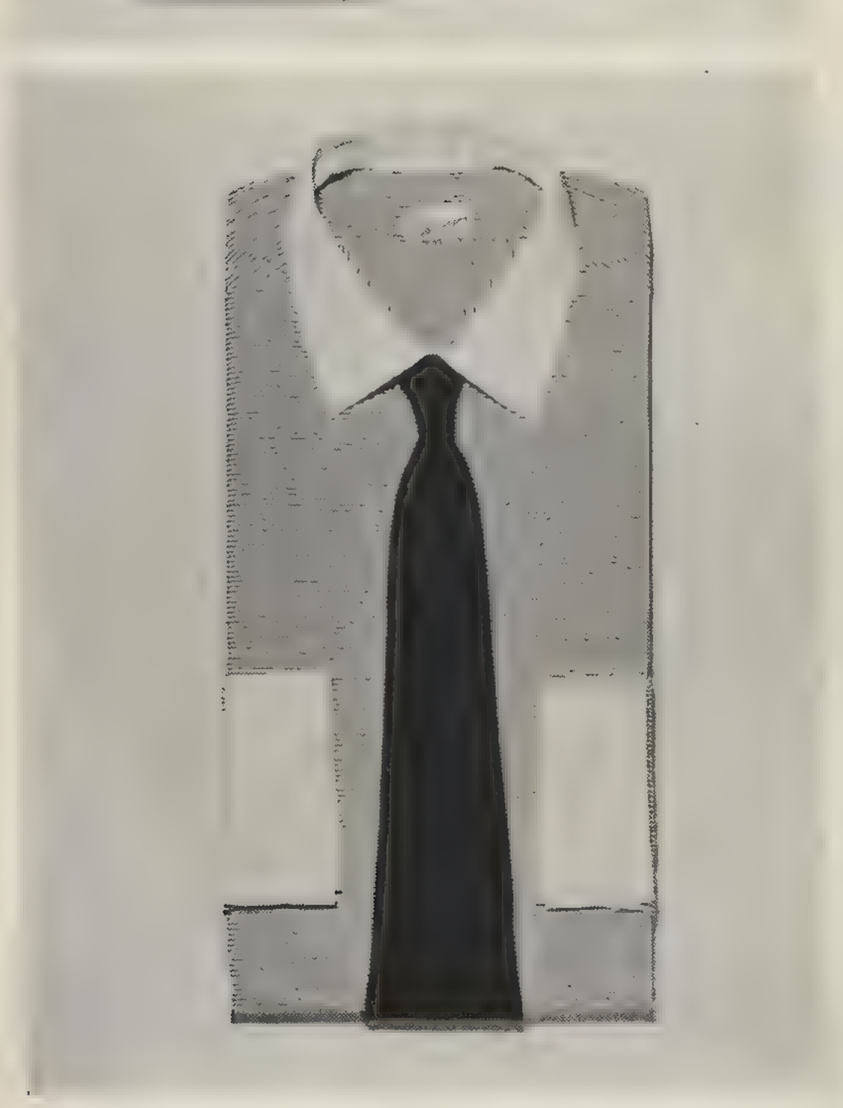
VOGUE, MARCH 15, 1954



Black-green—

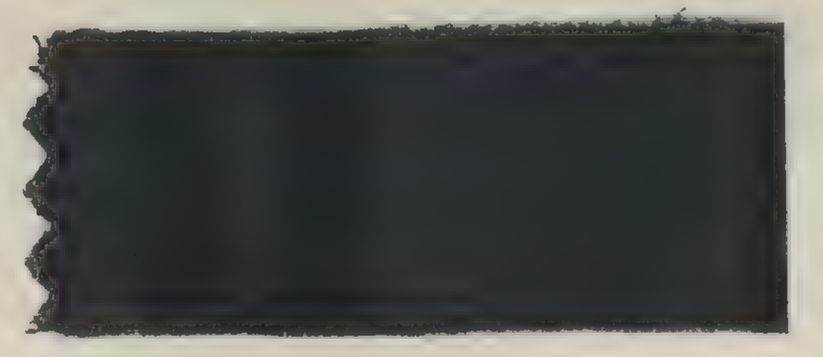
NEWEST BLACK BLENDING FOR MEN





THE BLACK-GREEN SUIT. Hard on the heels of the successful black-brown suitings (introduced by Vogue in October 1953), the new contender, black-green—which is green blackened down to a dark shadow by parallel weaving. *Facing page,* the black-green suit, here with the new tapered cut current in England and Italy. The jacket, falling closer to the body, has a minimum of shoulder padding, and the cut of the armhole is strategically changed to handle the tapered sleeve comfortably. (In England, some sleeves are so tapered that a man can hardly raise a glass.) The trousers have no pleats, so the look is narrow and flat. Suit, custom-made at Dunhill Tailors, of Hunt & Winterbotham worsted flannel, $225. Scene: Trans World Airlines offices. *Additions for black-green:* Felt hat with tapered crown, two-inch brim, black band. At Cavanagh, $20. Striped shirt of English poplin, with pointed white collar, narrow French cuffs, custom-made at Sulka, $35. Cuff links ideal for the tapered sleeve, flat, 14-karat gold. By David Webb, $35*. With black-green—black shoes. These by Peal, of calfskin. $52. Brooks Brothers.

*TAX INC.



GREEN-AND-BLACK BLAZER, *above.* More black-green, here separated into regimental stripes. The blazer has a few new innovations: narrower lapels, and crescent-shaped pockets, finished with black arrows. The buttons are 14-karat gold studs—thus, detachable. Blazer, custom-made by William B. Riley of Beverly Hills, of British woollen. $200. Scene: Telephone booth? Town Tennis Club.



VOGUE
COUTURIER
DESIGN 797

THE COSTUME MADE FROM VOGUE PATTERNS

More international than this, fashion can not be: anywhere there's a mail run and a sewing machine, these two costumes can be ordered (orders for Vogue Patterns arrive on our doorstep from almost every country in the world). These two designs: both the costume idea that's in fashion now internationally. *Left:* This handsome couple—a sheath dress and its own slender coat—organized by way of fabric. Here, in toast-coloured linen and dotted silk (but orderable, naturally, in any colour on earth). Vogue Couturier Design 797. Silk, Goodman & Theise. Hat, Mr. John. Calfskin bag, Coronet. Opera pumps, Palter DeLiso. Jewellery by Schreiner. *Right:* Two important pieces of fashion—an Empire dress with a wide skirt; a brief little jacket that's entirely Empire. Organized here in coral linen (but the colouring's entirely up to you): Vogue Couturier Pattern 794. Hat, Mr. John. Coral calfskin sandals, by Bare Foot Originals. Jewellery, Schreiner. The linen in both of these costumes: Irish linen (Tebilized) by Tootal. *For back views, sizes, see page 160.*

VOGUE
COUTURIER
DESIGN 794





ALL PEARLS: CULTURED PEARLS, BY IMPERIAL

1

Fine-weather-coming clothes for Mrs. Exeter



3



4

2



Two situations, here, in which Mrs. Exeter is very pleased to find herself: first, in the kind of clothes she can wear from now to Labor Day; second, in a most diverting atmosphere—chairs, tables, wallpapers from everywhere in the world (details on page 160). 1. Jacketed dress cut from a breeze—Onondaga's pepper-and-salt silk twill. By Fred Greenberg. $110. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Straw hat, bag, at Lord & Taylor. His suit, by Lebow, of Forstmann charcoal-grey wool gabardine, $115. Lord & Taylor. 2. Pleated beige Honan: dress in a permanent flutter. By Ed Gerrick, $125. Bonwit Teller. 3. Cardigan suit that fools the eye by at least a size—it's cut so slenderly. Black alpaca jersey. By Anthony Blotta, $195; Henri Bendel. 4. Nipped and narrow three-piece suit. Low-necked jacket and skirt of grey mohair and cotton, the blouse grey silk. By Suzanne Augustine, $250. Norwegian blue fox boa, calfskin bag by Rosenfeld. All, Henri Bendel.



1



2



3

New American travel clothes—
to wear as you go



Leave it behind—the suitcase you never opened until you got there. Now, you wear the clothes you're *going* to wear—en route. Here, photographed on the Cunard Line's *Mauretania,* just such wear-as-you-go clothes. (These happen to be mostly in junior sizes, but the idea holds in *any* size.) Materials are of course what make it all possible, jersey of Dacron or wool; cotton, knit or woven. Clothes that pack into . . . well, look directly left. *Luggage, left:* Lose diamonds if you must, but not this satchel, at top—it holds everything from passport to soap dish (you see it yawning, below). By Coronet, of leather-lined black elkskin, about $90*. Middle, the newest hatbox—for little hats (and who travels with anything else?) with a compartment for shoes, crinolines, bags, et cetera. By Lark, of black and white checked canvas tweed, about $32*. Below, middle-sized, clothes-greedy case: Amelia Earhart Luggage, $60*. All from Lord & Taylor.

1. The white sheath: Crystal-pleated, all but the midsection. By Jerry Greenwald of Dacron and worsted Heller jersey. You wash it, it dries and presses itself in person. In junior sizes, about $40. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Best's Apparel.

2. The black sheath: Fluid as jersey can make it, smocked over the bosom. A dinner dress, but it could be your pet day dress in Paris—with a heavy knit jacket or linen cardigan. By Jerry Greenwald of Heller worsted. Junior sizes, about $40. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Best's Apparel.

3. Pants and shirt: At-home on deck (a double-decker berth, in this case) or at-home in the country. Roman-striped tricot pants of Chromspun acetate, and a navy-blue tricot pull-over. By "Eye-ful," $13. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Sakowitz.





The coat at left: Full-length, of black Heller worsted jersey lined with grey cotton (want a costume? see the dress of the same fabric, next page). Coat by Anne Fogarty, in junior sizes, $80. From Lord & Taylor; Vandervoort's. Ribbon hat by Ahrens: Lord & Taylor.

RUTLEDGE

*PLUS TAX

THERE AND EN ROUTE:

The city cotton

This is the new American travel formula: one essential dress that you don't need to pack—you're wearing it. Here, not one, but two such dresses, aboard the Penthouse Cocktail Lounge of Santa Fe's new glass-domed, double-decker car—this, Budd-built, and of stainless steel. *This page:* Wrap-around dress (for berth-dressing *and* city-living) by Anne Fogarty, of grey and black self-tending tissue cotton by M. & W. Thomas. Junior sizes, about $10. Straw hat untying in a flat triangle, by Ahrens. Both, Lord & Taylor. Dress, also Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. *Facing page:* A dress that goes without saying—travel. Beige cotton knit coat-dress treated to Permel Plus, so it's washable and won't sit out. By Goldworm, in junior sizes, $40. From Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila.; J. P. Allen. The Monet jewellery, both pages: Lord & Taylor.

RUTLEDGE



KAY BELL





Facing page: Here, in an ideal situation—one to make the joke and one to get it—the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Russel Crouse and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Liagre, junior. Their ages? About pick-up-sticks. Their specialty? Outgrowing everything. Left, Lindsay Ann Crouse (named for Howard Lindsay of the Lindsay-Crouse team), a child so electric that she could light up a house—and does. And she's usually half-invisible behind a spin of fine blond hair. Facing this way, Christina de Liagre (a miniature of her mother, the actress Mary Howard), a grave, dreamy child, given to light, unexpected laughter. Lindsay's long-waisted, high-belted dress, pink banded with white. Christina's is sleeveless, in a pale blue, the yoke and pocket embroidered with white. Both by Celeste of a linen-like rayon; Altman. *Above, left:* Mary Ann Laue reading—could be, music. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Laue, she's six years old, studies the piano, has every reason to take to music: her mother is Annamary Dickey, whose most recent singing rôle on Broadway was in *The King and I* (and before that, *Allegro*). Mary Ann's princesse dress, with unpuffed sleeves, by Tiny Town Togs, of grey M. & W. Thomas cotton; Best's. *Above, right:* Stevens Greeff, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Greeff, is an open-faced, open-hearted eight-year-old—she loves skating, her poodle Bodo, dancing school, dressing up, and holidays at the Greeff's place in Connecticut. Her grey flannel mild-weather coat, by Bambury; Bloomingdale's. Hat, John Frederics.



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

A NEW LENGTH OF SHORT NIGHTDRESS

Newest short nightdress there is: this, a waterfall of pale-blue nylon pleats, ending a little above the knees. What else it might be, besides a nightdress—a little peignoir to wear over a *long* nightdress. One nice place for news like this: a spring bride's trousseau. Nightdress by Vanity Fair, of nylon tricot with a pretty nylon lace collar and front border. $30 at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Sakowitz. Chair and étagère in the background; both at Lord & Taylor.



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

N° 5 GARDENIA RUSSIA LEATHER N° 22 BOIS DES ILES

CHANEL

ARPEGE

MY SIN

by

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

Bottled and packaged in France



International news—

DIOR IN JAPAN



FROM A TOKYO NEWSPAPER: ENTHUSIASM, AND FULL DESCRIPTIONS

Here, views of an international fashion event happening for the very first time: the showing of a Dior collection in Japan. It was an unprecedented entry of French couture fashion into the East—but not one for which Japanese women were unprepared. Excitement over Western fashion (and well-informed excitement) has been going on for a long time; and it was, in fact, the admiring invitation of the Japanese dressmaking institute, Shinjuku Bunka Gakuin, which brought the collection to Japan last November. Having agreed to the project, Dior went all out—and practically emptied his salon of the then-current collection. The Air France plane which took off from Paris (with a specially-arranged itinerary of four Japanese cities) carried nine of the Dior mannequins, and their wardrobe: a matter of just about every stitch which Dior had shown for autumn and winter. The first stop was Tokyo—there, a fascinated audience crowded the Tokyo Kaikan, which suddenly began to seem like the Avenue Montaigne (the air of expectation, perhaps even more noticeable). Among the spectators was the Emperor's brother, Prince Takamatsu, who had from the first encouraged the project. His wife, Princess Takamatsu, sat side-by-side with her sisters-in-law, Princesses Chichibu and Mikasa, at the showing—two wearing traditional kimonos, and the other, a dark tailored suit. The Tokyo showing over, the collection moved on to Nagoya, Kyoto, and Osaka—followed by newspaper reports which made "the tulip line" and "the hemline controversy" almost new Japanese household words.



AT THE TOKYO SHOWING: MR. NAOTAKE SATO, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE

RECEIVING FLOWERS: MME. SUZANNE LULING, DIRECTRESS OF THE DIOR SALON



THE SHOWING IN PROGRESS, AT THE TOKYO KAIKAN



PRINCESS MIKASA; PRINCESS TAKAMATSU— WIVES OF THE EMPEROR'S BROTHERS



AT THE AIRPORT: A WELCOME FOR THE MANNEQUINS



PART OF THE COLLECTION— AND TWO YOUNG GIRLS IN KIMONOS



LOOKING ON: PRINCESS TAKAMATSU AND PRINCESS CHICHIBU

One of the most enchantingly beautiful Parisiennes is the young Marquise de Lèvis Mirepoix—member of a distinguished French family founded in the 12th century. A golden blonde, the Marquise has wide amber eyes, and a complexion that is flawlessly fine and clear. Like so many of the great beauties of Europe and America, she makes Pond's Cold Cream the very heart of her complexion care. "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses my skin *immaculately* clean, leaves it so fresh and smooth," the Marquise says. "It's a *perfect* cream."

The Marquise
de Lèvis Mirepoix



Dazzlingly lovely!—the Marquise's complexion. And *yours*, too—with Pond's Cold Cream

See wonderful things happen to your complexion

practically overnight

They say you can tell a woman's age by two things. If her pores show up—she's past her early twenties. And if you see tiny lines around her eyes—then she's "thirty at least."

But beautiful society women have discovered a way to turn the tables on this "test." With the simplest, easiest of daily beauty treatments any woman can make her skin look *finer* in texture, *smoother*—and *keep* it that way.

A quick clearing that refines skin

If each pore in your skin had a window, you could see what was causing your pores to enlarge. Deep inside, the oil clogs up, and *hardens* into a little nub that stretches the pore opening. Dirt attaches itself to this nub—and you have a blackhead.

Get out this embedded oil and dirt with a brisk, stimulating Pond's Cold Creaming. It's specifically designed to get right down to the deeper dirt that ordinary and less effective cleansings simply skim over. A unique oil and moisture formula quickly softens hardened, embedded dirt and *floats it away*—leaving your skin *immaculately cleansed.*

Replenishes oils and moisture that keep skin looking young

Every day outdoor exposure and dry indoor heat, normal tensions and fatigue rob your skin of its natural oils and moisture. Your daily Pond's Cold Creaming gives back to your skin the oils and moisture it needs—keeps your skin looking smooth, with a soft, young suppleness.

This quick, easy way of using Pond's Cold Cream is especially beneficial to facial contour

1. *Every night*, circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream briskly *up* from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing releases embedded dirt. *Stimulates* circulation. Tissue off this first creaming *well.*

2. Now—a snowy, beautifying "rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. This time, tissue off *lightly*—leaving invisible traces of cream for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

Tonight, see an astonishingly *quick* change in your skin! Get Pond's Cold Cream in the *large* jar today . . . nicer to dip into, and compared with the smaller jars, you average *a third more cream* for your money!

COAT CRAFT

The Coat Craft look . . .
best-dressed look for all little girls

iridescent worsted, beautifully paneled in becoming princess lines. So practical, too, hems and linings "grow" like magic for extra wear. Mauve-pink, aqua. 7-14, about $30. 3-6X, about $25.

THE ORIGINAL
"coat that grows"*



at fine stores everywhere, or write
COAT CRAFT COMPANY, 1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



HONEYMAN

Famous lines, now in translation

The news above: a famous girdle (by now, practically an honorary member of the Paris Couture) is being made in America as well as in France. It's the Scandale, which in one design or another is invariably selected by one Paris designer or another as the perfect dress form for his mannequins to wear. What's singular about any Scandale girdle is this—1: garters are always buttoned on so that they can escalate easily. 2: there's a special way that the grain of the girdle's elastic goes; it's angled for pliancy. 3: at the centre front, there's an extraordinarily wide inside seam; a clever way to strengthen the girdle without thickening it (the turned-back seam counts as a reinforcement). The girdle above is an all-in-one pull-on of nylon power net, its brassière, of embroidered nylon marquisette. Scandale by Tru Balance, $18.50. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's. Dress-length peignoir of white Swiss cotton batiste. By John Norman, in a Fisba fabric, $35 at Bergdorf Goodman. Magazine rack, Hammacher Schlemmer.



So little...
does so much

with Elizabeth Arden's Basic Essentials ... yours all over the world!

The secret of growing lovelier is the habit of care and fastidious cleanliness, using Elizabeth Arden's superb Creams and Lotions. Daily . . . faithfully follow the simple basic steps—Cleanse . . . Tone . . . Smooth. And you shall have Beauty wherever you go . . . from Australia to Alaska . . . from Buenos Aires to Biarritz . . . from Capetown to Cairo.

Cleanse . . . *Ardena Cleansing Cream for dry or average skin . . 1.25 to 6.00*
Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream for young or sensitive types . . 1.25 to 6.50
Skin Deep Milky Cleanser—a liquid cleanser for all types . . 2.25 and 4.00

Tone . . . *Ardena Skin Lotion . . . . . 1.00 to 9.50*
Ardena Special Astringent if skin is mature or excessively oily . 2.25 to 10.00

Smooth . . . *Ardena Velva Cream for young average skin . . . . 1.25 to 6.50*
Ardena Orange Skin Cream for young dry skin . . . . . 1.25 to 8.50
Ardena Perfection Cream with vitamins for thin dry skins . . 3.25 to 18.00
Ardena Special Hormone Cream if skin is marked by wrinkles . 3.50 to 12.00

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

So Smart...
So desirable...
Elgin American
CARRYALLS

Another Elgin American fashion triumph! Sleek, sophisticated carryalls, so practical for all her vanity needs. Compact . . . accessory compartment . . . lipstick case . . . mirror . . . cigarette case, all in one!

Signet Carryall, as shown, $14.95. Initials applied at time of purchase . . . no extra charges.

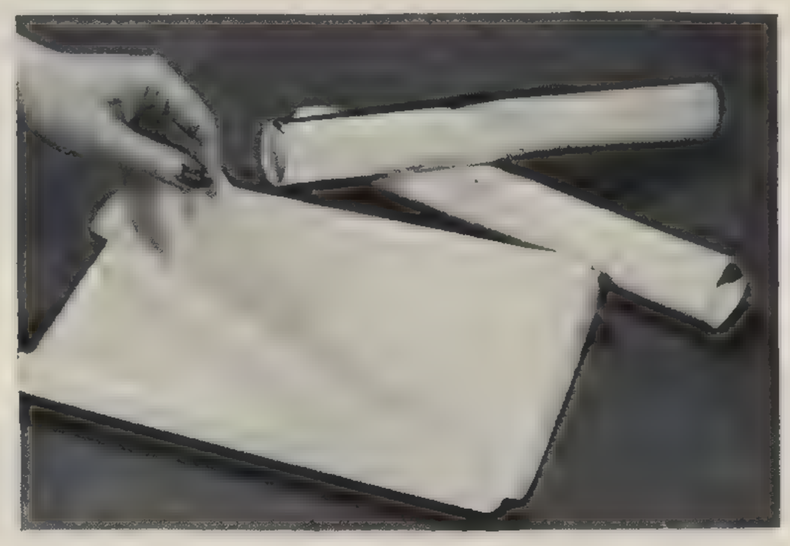
Or choose from a fascinating selection finished in silver, mother-of-pearl, leather, or brilliant handset stones.



Faille carrying case has handkerchief pocket and comb.

Elgin American
FASHION ACCESSORIES
COMPACTS — CARRYALLS — MIRROR-LIPSTICKS — LIGHTERS — CIGARETTE CASES — LITE-O-MATICS — CULTURED AND SIMULATED PEARLS
So easy to choose . . . so sure to please . . . so proudly owned
© 1954 ELGIN AMERICAN, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

DISCOVERIES IN BEAUTY



If you fall into beauty habits easily, then be forewarned about these filmy cleansing tissues: once tried, always wanted. They're called Superfine Tissues—and that they are. Their special lightness and softness in woven texture is one of the great secrets of Elizabeth Arden. There's a decided advantage in packaging here, too: the big, wide squares are rolled up, ribbon-tied like diplomas. Easy to hang up within reach, or tuck neatly in the sides of a travel case. Saks Fifth Avenue.



Scaled in size to carry in a doll bag: Volupté's latest pill box with a sliding cover. There's a Houdini dimension to this tiny case, however. We found it held, all at once: one Ennds tablet, two Bufferin, one Vitamin capsule, three Sucaryl tablets. Preparation enough for a usual day —plus emergencies. At Altman.

MIEHLMANN



An old formula—with new notions about smoothing winter-roughened complexions: Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Hand Lotion. Copied from a famous French formula, this pale-yellow balm is flavoured with lemon-zest, a pure lemon oil known to tone and brighten the skin. Its skin-softening ingredients are so delicately balanced that the lotion disappears quickly into the skin, gives an unusual velvety softness without stickiness. Bloomingdale's. Flower-scattered hand towel from Porthault.

RECIPES FROM SPAIN

BY MARION W. FLEXNER

SPANISH BREAKFAST

Hot chocolate, Spanish style
(1 serving)

¾ cupful whole milk
Sugar to taste (about 1 tablespoonful)
Dash cinnamon (to taste)
1 ounce bitter chocolate
½ teaspoonful vanilla extract
or ½ inch of vanilla bean

Put milk and chocolate in the top of a double boiler and allow to cook over a low heat until chocolate melts. Stir with a wooden spoon until very smooth. If you are using the vanilla bean, cook it with the chocolate; if the extract, add it after removing chocolate from stove. Add sugar and cinnamon to taste, but this chocolate should be sweet. Serve as is or dilute with hot milk.

Churos (Spanish crullers)
(6 servings—about 24 crullers)

We were served these crunchy, delectable fritters or crullers all over Spain; the chef in the Parador in Ubeda showed me how to prepare them. The dough is placed in a *churrera*—a tube of tin with two handles like a cross to hold the tube. Then a wooden plunger is inserted and the dough pushed out into boiling oil, making twists, sticks, loops, and other weird shapes. In America, a cookie press works just as well as the *churrera*, and any fat can be substituted for olive oil—lard, vegetable shortening, or peanut oil.

Since the morning chocolate is so sweet, the *churos* in Spain are not, but are rolled in a mixture of plain granulated sugar or sugar and cinnamon. Always they are served hot, freshly made.

1½ cupfuls of sifted flour
½ teaspoonful salt
1½ cupfuls boiling water
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful vanilla
(or 1 tablespoonful sherry)
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¼ to ½ teaspoonful nutmeg

Sift dry ingredients. (If sweeter dough is desired add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar.) Add boiling water and flavouring and stir until flour, et cetera, are just moistened—do not knead or try to mix into a smooth dough, this is stiff and rough. Stuff at once into a cookie press or *churrera*—use the star blade in both. Have melted fat to the depth of 1½ inches in an 8- or 9-inch heavy metal skillet. Have the fat very hot—375 degrees if you own a kitchen thermometer, press four to five *churos* at a time into the hot fat—they should not touch each other. Squeeze out the dough into lover's knots, loops, sticks. Cut off dough with a dull knife. If the *churos* brown too quickly, turn the heat down. They should cook in about 3 to 4 minutes. Cook 1½ to 2 minutes on one side and if brown, turn and cook two more on the other side—both sides should be a lovely golden brown. Drain at once on absorbent paper and dust heavily with this topping:
¼ cupful sugar
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon

LUNCHEON OR DINNER RECIPES

Eggs, Valencian style
FROM THE ALBERGUE DE CARRETERA, BALIEN

These were four-minute eggs, hard enough to peel, the whites tender but firm enough to hold their shape, the yolks semi-soft. They were arranged two abreast down the centre of a platter paved with delectable saffron rice. Each egg was ornamented with a strip of pimiento and an anchovy filet. There was a light shower of chopped parsley over all.

Spanish saffron rice
(Basic recipe—4 servings)

This is one of the stand-bys of many a Spanish meal. The Valencian rice is not the same variety as ours, but a shorter, fatter grain, nuttier in flavour and cooked *al dente*, like Italian spaghetti. It resembles risotto and, indeed, is the same dish by another name.

1 cupful raw rice
1 onion, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
1 small bay leaf
¼ teaspoonful thyme and rosemary
2 tablespoonfuls olive oil
Salt to taste (begin with ¼ teaspoonful)
Dash each, black and red pepper
3 cupfuls broth
(or 6 bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 cupfuls of water)
¼ teaspoonful Spanish saffron

Heat oil in a heavy skillet with a tight-fitting lid. Add garlic, onions, and rice and sauté until grains of rice become golden brown, stirring constantly. Add all the other ingredients, salt last of all because broth may be salty enough. Cover the pot and turn heat low. Simmer until rice is tender—avoid overcooking—the grains should be done but not soft. They are chewy when ready and all the liquor should have evaporated. Stir occasionally to keep mixture from sticking. If the rice is done but runny, take off the lid and cook until the liquid has been absorbed by the rice. This is the basic recipe, but raw vegetables, meats, fish, and other ingredients can be added to the dish when it is first put on the stove. Cooked meat and vegetables are folded in the paella just before it goes to the table.

Beef tenderloin or entrecôte in sherry sauce
(4 servings)

Since it is hard to find entrecôte in America, the nearest I can come to it is to substitute thin slices of beef tenderloin. Allow 2 to a person and cut them ¼ inch thick:

8 thin slices of beef tenderloin
4 tablespoonfuls olive oil (or butter)
1 to 2 cloves garlic, mashed
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Juice of ¼ lemon
⅓ cupful Spanish sherry

Pepper the meat, but do not salt. Mix garlic, lemon juice, and a little of the oil. Let the meat stand at least ½ hour in this—longer would not hurt. Keep in the icebox in summer. Have the rest of the fat smoking hot in a heavy metal skillet. Add the meat and sear quickly on one side, then turn and sear on the other—use all the marinade, adding it now. Add the salt as soon as the meat is brown. Transfer the meat to a serving platter. Now add the sherry. Let come to the boiling point but do not boil, then pour the sauce over the meat. Sprinkle generously with chopped parsely. Avoid overcooking the meat.
Variation: In Spain, a fresh green pepper, cut in ¼-inch strips, is sometimes added to the meat when it is first put in the pan. Serve the pepper with the meat—both should be done at the same time.

Caramel flan
(Enough for 6 ramekins or custard cups)

This is one of the most popular of all Spanish desserts, a rich, velvety baked custard in a jacket of stylish brown caramel. You've guessed it—this is merely your old friend "crème renversée" under a Spanish name.

1 cupful cream
1 cupful whole milk
4 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract or a 1-inch piece of vanilla bean
½ cupful sugar, to caramelize
¼ cupful sugar for the custard
Few grains of salt

Beat eggs and ¼ cupful of sugar until light and lemon-coloured—use an electric mixer if possible. Add the scrapings from the split piece of vanilla bean, or the vanilla extract, and all other ingredients and beat well. Pour at once into caramel-lined cups (recipe given below). Set in a pan one-quarter full of warm water and bake in a preheated oven set at 375 degrees. Cook until filling no longer shakes and a knife comes out clean when inserted into centre of custard. (Avoid overcooking—it will make a tough, watery custard.) Chill. To serve, loosen

(Continued on page 150)

HANSEN introduces

Fashions New Narrowness

In the fitted glove nipped to give your wrist a waistline



above . . . MID-TOWNER . . . smooth, close-clinging sheath of a glove, buttoned snugly at the wrist $5.00

center . . . THE SMOOTHY . . . shortest shorty of all, to smooth on like your hand's own skin, buttoned at wrist $3.00

right . . . PEERESS . . . for elegant doings after dark, formal opera glove with the important fitted look $6.00

HANSEN

GLOVES OF FASHION . . . . MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN



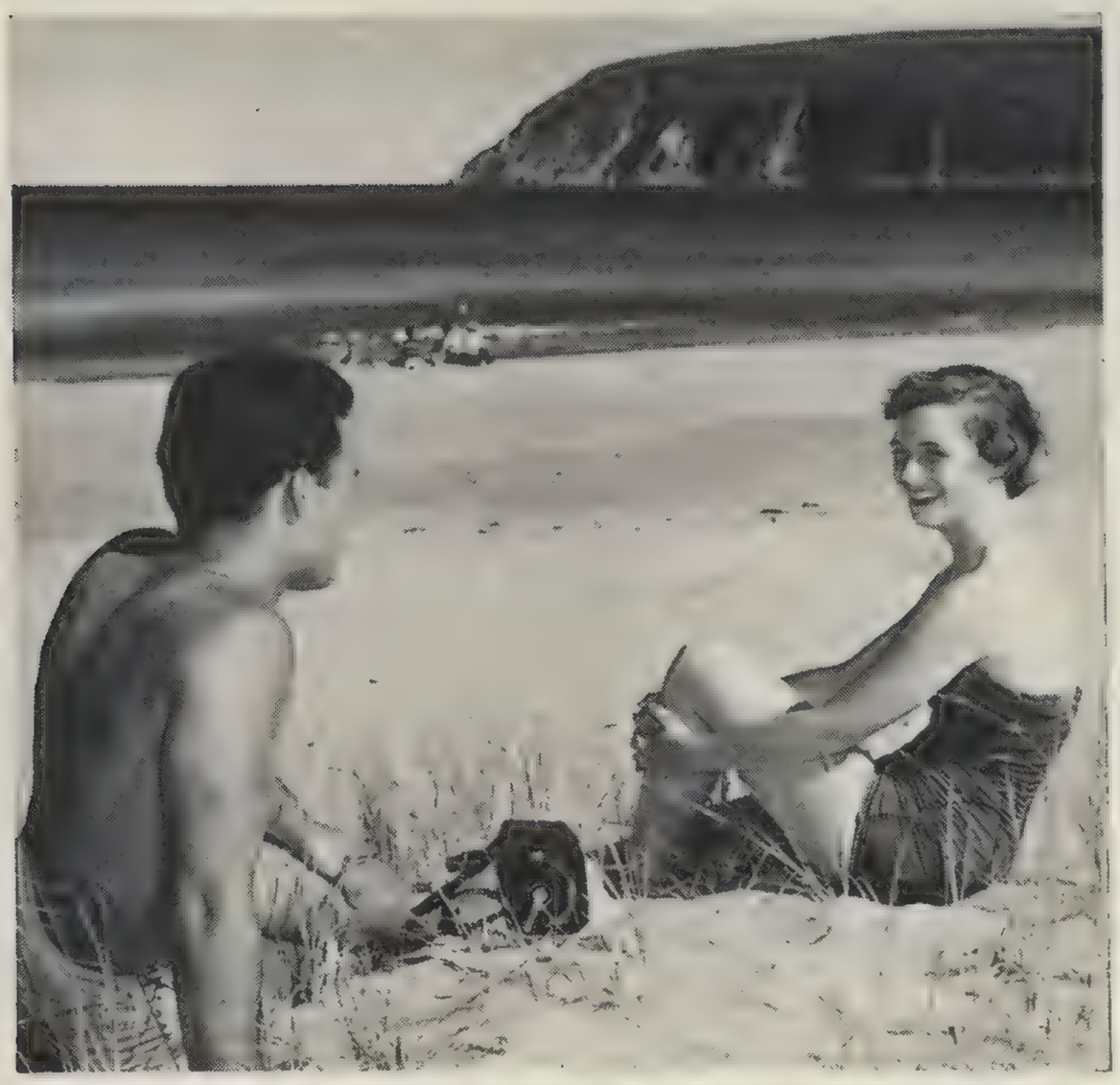
SIGHTSEEING and shopping bring rich rewards in foreign-flavoured cities mellowed by the centuries.



GLORY in the mountain magic of great National Parks set in the Canadian Rockies, film unforgettable scenics.

This year: Canada!

VACATIONS UNLIMITED



RELAX IN SUNSHINE AND UNCROWDED SPACE ON THE SCENIC BEACHES OF CANADA'S COASTS

Find *new* holiday horizons — just across the border. No need for elaborate preparation, no need to stretch vacation time *or* budget to enjoy a heaping helping of Canada's varied attractions. Choose from woodland beauty spots, smart cities, fun-famous resorts, historic cruise-waters . . . Canada's all yours for a pleasantly different vacation. See your travel or transportation agent soon; send the coupon now.





01-1-43-54-02

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send your 48-page, full-colour book on vacation attractions in all parts of Canada . . . . . ☐

Tell me where 16 mm sound films on Canadian travel subjects are available in the U.S.A. . . . ☐

Check ✓ as required

*Name*_____

PLEASE PRINT

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

RECIPES FROM SPAIN

(Continued from page 149)

edges of custard with a dull knife. Place the serving plate over the custard cup and turn upside down, pouring any liquid over the custard. Serve plain or with a simple macaroon or plain vanilla wafer.

To make caramel: Place the sugar in a heavy metal skillet and stir until the mixture begins to lump. Have the flame high at first, then lower it as the lumps form. When the mixture is clear and caramel colour, turn off the heat and put 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls of the syrup in ramekins or cups, turning them sideways until the mixture spreads all over the inside surface—this will take practice, but you must work quickly or the syrup will become too hard to use. If it does, add ¼ cupful of water and cook until it once more forms a smooth syrup thick enough to adhere to the sides of the ramekin or custard cup. The mixture will lump again when water is added but will cook smooth.

Chicken in marinade
or use 2 quail or partridges
(2 servings)

FROM THE ALBERGUE DE CARRETERA DE MANZANARES

Good hot or cold, but especially good served cold in summer. The meat is tender as butter with a most unusual flavour. Serve cold chicken whole, turning it upside down onto a platter. Prepared in this manner, and allowed to stay overnight in the icebox, it should be coated with a rather thick shawl of aspic. Allow half a chicken to a serving.

1 chicken, weighing from 1¾ to 2 pounds, dressed
¼ cupful olive oil
2 cloves of garlic
Salt to taste
Freshly ground black pepper to taste
2 allspice berries
⅔ cupful vinegar (use part wine vinegar)
1⅓ cupfuls white wine
¼ teaspoonful each thyme, basil, and rosemary or marjoram
2 whole cloves
2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley

Heat the oil in a heavy metal skillet and brown the chicken or birds on all sides. Brown one clove of garlic with the chicken. Remove the fowl to a casserole. Pour the vinegar, herbs, and spices over the fowl (save the parsley for later). Add the wine to the oil and drippings in the skillet and let come to a boil. Pour over the chicken. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place the top on the casserole and set in a moderate oven, 350 degrees. Let cook for 2 hours, turning the bird gently with 2 spoons after one hour. To serve hot, sprinkle the parsley over the bird. In serving cold, transfer the bird to a small bread loaf pan or aspic mould. Strain the liquor over it and sprinkle with the parsley. Let remain in the icebox overnight or longer—the bird keeps well for a week. When ready to serve, scrape off excess fat, and turn upside down on a meat platter. Surround with sprigs of celery, parsley, or water cress.

Paella Valenciana
(4 servings)

FROM THE PALACE HOTEL, MADRID

In Spain, this is served in round or oblong copper or hand-made aluminum pans with rounded rims about 2 inches deep and a handle on each end or side. The paella is also heated in the same utensil. The basic recipe is the same as the one given for Saffron Rice (see recipe, page 149). Just before taking rice from stove, add 1 cupful of mixed cooked shellfish—shrimp, crabmeat, lobster, and, if you have access to them, sautéed oysters, clams, or mussels. Another cup of cooked vegetables is also folded into this—green peas, shredded green beans, even drained canned artichokes—the small ones, cut in quarters. This mixture is then placed in the dish in which it is to be served. In the centre, place 4 pieces of sautéed or fried chicken, or substitute rabbit or game. Around this place shrimp, crab, crawfish, or lobster—all cooked, of course. Dot lightly with butter and run under the flames until everything is piping hot. Serve at once in the pan in which the mixture was heated. This is one of the best meal-in-one dishes you are apt to meet in a long time.

Pyrex or any shallow baking dish with a 2-inch-deep rim can, of course, be substituted for the copper or aluminum pans used in Spain.

GADABOUT'S GUIDE

(Continued from page 36)

country—so many Americans grew to love them in their native habitat. . . . Chanel's perfumes are as far-flung as her reputation, but their fragrant headquarters is 31 rue Cambon. . . . Guerlain is one of the oldest perfume houses in the world and those greats "Shalimar," "L'Heure Bleue," "Vol de Nuit" are at home, 68 Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Guerlain gives excellent face treatments with their own fine creams and lotions—a treat for travellers who can not buy them here. The house of Lanvin makes beautiful fragrances as well as clothes, and Americans who are such fans for "Arpège" can sniff it at the source there. . . . Patou gives "Joy" to the world, sending it from Paris, and always naming a dress for it in every collection. . . . Coty, which grew up on perfumes, is certainly as famous for its excellent complexion products and its superior make-up. (No relation, the papers keep saying, to the *Président*—but a factor in French international relations, nonetheless.)

Then there is this fragrant switch: Evyan, the American perfumer, has found gadabouts so needing their products on tour, that they ship abroad to principal cities from *here*. Since Evyan's "Splash," scented with their "White Shoulders," is used by addicts by the heavy quartful, this is nice to know.

MAXWELL SILK PRINTS • MARTINI DESIGNED

see page 54

At these fine stores, or write

MARTINI Designed, Inc.

498 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18

Amarillo, Texas.....Blackburn Bros.
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Froshin
Augusta, Ga.....Reba Murphy
Baltimore, Md.....Hochschild Kohn
Beverly Hills, Calif.....Harry Cooper
Boston, Mass.....Crawford Hollidge
Buffalo, N. Y.....Arb's
Burlingame, Calif.....Robert W. Gates
Cincinnati, Ohio.....H & S Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio.....Sunshine Wise
Columbia, Ga.....Patricia Gowns
Columbia, S. C.....Mary Lowe
Dallas, Texas .....Walker-Marr
Dayton, Ohio.....Billy Lewis
Detroit, Mich.....B. Siegel
Flint, Mich.....Raymond Coughlin
Gary, Ind. .....Hudson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Yager's
Hartford, Conn.....Ethel Jacques
Houston, Texas.....Everitt Buelow
Indianapolis, Ind.....Suburban Shop
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
Kalamazoo, Mich.....Gown Shop
Kansas City, Mo.....Chasnoff's
Las Vegas, Nevada.....Fanny's
Los Angeles, Calif.....J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.....Byck Bros.
Lubbock, Texas .....Godwin's
Memphis, Tenn. .....Levy's
Miami, Fla. .....Burdines
Milburn, N. J.....Suburban Shop
Milwaukee, Wis. .....Zita's
Minneapolis, Minn. .....Harold's
Montgomery, Ala.....John Danziger
New Orleans, La.....Town & Country
Newark, N. J.....Vogue Gowns
Norfolk, Va.....Nicholson & Marks
Paterson, N. J.....Fashion
Portland, Oregon.....Meier & Frank
Providence, R. I.....Bette Rand
Reno, Nevada .....Virginia Stevenson
Roanoke, Va.....Smartwear Irving Saks
Sacramento, Calif.....Bon Marche
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Raymond's
San Diego, Calif.....Martin Verb
San Francisco, Calif.....White House
Savannah, Ga. .....Fines
Washington, D. C.....Woodward & Lothrop
White Plains, N. Y.....Hays Black
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Hollywood Shop
Williamsport, Pa.....Jones Millinery



Elizabeth Arden's sensational new discovery in Powder, created in France by a secret process. This is actually an invisible veil of powder; it is unbelievably fine . . . and goes on so softly—a light luminous veil that covers every shadow and pore. And, at the same time, Invisible Veil imparts a clear luminous look of indefinable charm to every skin.

Introduced first in the famous pressed powder compact, Invisible Veil is now presented in loose Powder—in an exquisite flowered three-dimensional box. It blesses every skin with a clear fresh beauty and leaves a lovely trace of Elizabeth Arden's own intangible signature . . . a faint perfume of rare delicacy. In 10 perfectly graduated shades. 5.00 the box. plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN!

Evenings brilliant with gaiety, dancing, social activities . . . days of continuous pleasure and relaxation in the wonderful, healthful sea air! Whether you cross to Europe or cruise to glamorous ports, the problems of the world fade away and peace and happiness move in when you go Cunard!



See your Cunard-authorized travel agent and . . .

GO CUNARD

QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY • MAURETANIA • CARONIA • BRITANNIC • MEDIA • PARTHIA • FRANCONIA • SCYTHIA • SAMARIA • ASCANIA

IN DUBLIN

(Continued from page 122)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . John McGuire, with the dash and looks of a Sabatini hero, who, at twenty-five, has built his own textile-printing mill, commissioned four of Ireland's best artists to design, for magnificent linens, modern patterns based often on Irish devices old as folklore. . . . Jimmy O'Dea, Ireland's perpetual leading comedian, who rolls on stage with a mushy "There'sh a misht on the bogsh tonight." . . . The new Four Provinces Film Company, with, among its powerful backers, vigorous Lord Killanin and John Ford, who made *The Informer* and *The Quiet Man.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The stained glass, ecstatic in colour, simplified but not abstract, designed by Evie Hone, a small, undefeatable woman, commissioned to rebuild the fifty-foot window of Eton College. . . . Myles na gCopaleen, a columnist with a wit as bluntly scorching as an acetylene torch, who flummoxes his *Irish Times* readers with a pother of puns in Greek, Latin, French, and English, and who once wrote a novel about a writer writing a novel about a writer, a trick as involved as Saul Steinberg's self-sketching cartoons.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Siobhan McKenna who not only made an extraordinary translation of Shaw's *Saint Joan* into Irish but then played the rôle herself in both Irish and English. . . . *Maria Cross*, a book of criticism of Catholic authors by Conor Cruise O'Brien, one of Ireland's most brilliant critics and a member of the Dublin foreign office. . . . The plans for the Yeats Memorial on St. Stephen's Green, an idea dreamed up over dinner at Bailey's by a small group of men, including Lennox Robinson and James Johnson Sweeney, director of New York's Guggenheim Museum. . . . The public joy over the witty court dialogue coming out of the libel suit started by Patrick Kavanagh, one of Ireland's finest poets and a man of eccentric character, against the magazine, *The Leader*; a suit that has the strong ring of another Whistler-Ruskin case.

MADRID

(Continued from page 111)

houses, hospitals, public buildings in University City; the planting on the Castellana, with roses blooming in January near the Plaza Cibeles. The city planners' happy avoidance, in most of the new buildings, of what Frank Lloyd Wright called the Cracker Box, or International School, of architecture.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Rosario and Antonio, the dancers, once famous as a team, now appearing separately: he with an exact, beautifully-schooled twelve-man ballet, she with a flamenco group, both somehow just missing the tense, fiery perfection achieved by the two dancing together. . . . Vicente Viudes, the painter; the efforts of Viudes' American admirers to arrange a show of his work in the United States are continually being frustrated by his enormous popularity in Madrid—all his paintings are sold before he has even finished them.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The zoom of American popularity in Spain, following the signing of the U.S.-Spanish agreement last September; this has reached such heights that Ambassador Dunn often has to explain that the comparative trickle of American aid promised, in return for the right to build U.S. bases on Spanish soil, will not solve all Spain's problems. . . . Luis Escobar's successful Spanish version of the English play, *Waters of the Moon*. . . . The crowd in the Palace Bar at cocktail time (nine P.M., in Madrid), as wonderfully mixed as a *paella:* bullfighters, newspapermen, American visitors, actresses, descendants of *infantes*. Then, around ten-thirty, the drift on to dinner: to Valentin's, informal, inexpensive, and good, with a wooden bar in the middle of the room where guests drink *manzanilla* while waiting for a table; or to Chipén, which many knowing Spaniards think has the best food in Madrid; or to the famous Horcher's or the Jockey Club, still the strongholds of diplomats, tourists, and textile manufacturers from Barcelona.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Ralph Forte of the United Press, the dean of foreign correspondents in Madrid, recently awarded the Order of Isabela la Católica. . . . The young and brilliant ballerina, Marianela de Montijo, with her own young company, dancing the "*Pastora*" by Haffter. . . . Stanton Griffis, the former American Ambassador to Spain, who has formed a non-profit foundation in the U.S. called "The American Friends of Spain"; in a riposte of goodwill, a committee of Spanish citizens is being organized under the name, "Friends of the United States in Spain." . . . Sprinkled on all this mutual admiration, like lemon juice in a good salad, the witty, needle-sharp articles in *ABC*, by Agustin Foxa, cultural attaché to the Spanish Embassies in Havana and Buenos Aires, describing a visit to Florida; his description of motels in Miami, a particular delight.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The first-rate revivals of classical Spanish plays put on, at popular prices, by the State-owned Teatro Español. . . . Luis Miguel Dominguín, the great bullfighter, who has officially retired from the ring, but is expected back next season. . . . The little band of elegant Madrileños who have held down the same lunch table, for unnumbered years, behind the potted palms at the Ritz, and who assemble every day, with un-Castilian punctuality, as the clock strikes one-thirty. . . . The view held by some fishing enthusiasts that the salmon fishing in Asturias and Galicia, in the north of Spain, is the finest in Europe.

NOTES BY MARIA LUISA AND ANCIER BIDDLE DUKE.



The world is buzzing about the new clothes collections from Italy, Ireland, Spain. But . . . where does the most talked-of luggage come from? Hartmann! The Skymate silhouette changed the whole picture . . . is now universally acclaimed. Look at the fine proportions. The strict stitching. The timeless simplicity. Skymate Luggage is designed *and built* to travel through the years in flawless fashion.

Shown in imported natural rawhide. Prices in this group start at $90.
Other Hartmann Skymates from $49.50, plus existing tax.

Write for the name of your nearest Hartmann Retailer.
His Hartmann collection is wide and wonderful, and very much worth seeing.

HARTMANN COMPANY · RACINE, WISCONSIN



ITALY

(Continued from page 124)

of Rome has been supplied, posthumously this time, by Claretta Petacci, Mussolini's mistress, whose villa on the Monte Mario has been turned into just about the most fashionable restaurant in town. It is known officially as the Palazzi, after the proprietor, although the Romans seem to prefer to call it La Camilluccia, which means Little Camilla, the name of the zone where it is located. The food is excellent and it seems even better sitting on the terrace with a breath-taking view of Rome, and such added equipment as a swimming pool and tennis courts right at hand.

Down in Ostia Antica, the Roman seaside retreat, is the restaurant Apuleius where in summer you can eat like a Roman senator in a court full of priceless statues and fragments of other ruins. Sergio Centi, a guitar-player, will strum to the point of heartbreak, and all about are the new excavations, done since the war, which some diggers call more exciting than Pompeii.

A hotel which reminds one of the liner, *Andrea Doria*, which is to say that it is a repository of the latest in Italian modern design, sits now on the beach at Mondello outside Palermo in Sicily. Built in a crescent to conform with the Conca d'Oro itself, it is wired with a dozen gadgets that cause doors to open, close, or lock at the push of a bedside button. It is called, inevitably, the Mondello Grand Hotel.

You will be ready to wreck your local commuter after one ride on ETR 300, the crack train of the Italian State Railways which runs between Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Nobody goes around calling it ETR 300 except railway buffs. To everyone else it is *Sette Bello*, or Lucky Seven, so named because it comprises seven interlocking cars. All seats are lounge style. There are a bar, newpaper stand, shops, and diner aboard and a guide gives a commentary about the local sights over the loudspeaker in six languages. Also the news. Figure about three hours flat between each of the major cities, and if you want an engineer's-eye view of the proceedings, the *front* of the train is an observation car with the engineer sitting in a cockpit on an upper deck.

FRANCE

(Continued from page 125)

town's one street, and watch the porter hoist your baggage up to your hotel with a winch.

Anyone tired of the frou-frou of the French Riviera can escape it handily by hopping the one hundred miles of Mediterranean that separate Nice from Corsica. Corsicans drink milky *pastis* and Cape Corse, make all kinds of culinary hocus-pocus with chestnuts and wear bushy beards in which they frequently hide their pipes. It is one of the most underdeveloped corners of all France, and you will have to put up with the ancient Continental Hotel in Ajaccio or the Napoléon Bonaparte at Ile Rousse, lately the temporary sultanate of Mohammed Ben Youssef, recently deposed Sultan of Morocco. There are beaches all around Ajaccio, and on one of them a colony of artists, musicians, writers has established a summertime city of one hundred called Mare et Sole, where feverish discussions and impromptu concerts make it attractive. Don't miss Au Son des Guitares, where young Corsicans gather with guitars each night, play and sing and drink cognac sweetened with lump-sugar. It's owned by Antoine Bonelli, once the accompanist of Tino Rossi, the patron saint of all guitar-and-tenor exponents.

U. S. A.

(Continued from page 125)

a strange and insular lot, and many of them still drop Elizabethan terms hither and yon. They also enjoy a rather special accent, and in their near-patois *toide* and *toime* are what wait for no man. The villages, even Beaufort, have that bygone air, with narrow porches, no eaves, and narrow streets shaded with whitewashed elms. Boats can be chartered to go to Ocracoke, up the Banks a bit, where the houses stand on streets of sand, where Blackbeard and his crew were killed in 1718, where the duck shooting is famous, and where the fishing is not bad either.

Maybe you've never watched a bird before, and can't tell a sparrow from an eagle; still the tropical wildlife tours run by the Audubon Society in South Florida are fun and fascinating. You roll out of Miami in a new station wagon, a guide at the wheel. It takes about two hours to get into the Everglades National Park where alligators relax on stones in the sun,

U. S. A.

and the strangest birds you ever saw sit still long enough to be identified. In the afternoon you chug out into the lakes of the Everglades, watch the coots walk the water, glide through Cuthbert Creek, all but overgrown with mangrove roots, and finally discover Cuthbert Rookery, an island, white with egrets, which was once shot up by the plume hunters when egrets brought as high as $80 a piece. The tour rolls on to Tavernier on Key Largo, overnight at a motel; then out the next morning in a big cruiser touring Florida Bay to watch roseate spoonbills, delicate man-of-war birds, and reddish egrets. nest and feed and fly. You're back to Miami late the second afternoon. with a wonderful burn and some searching thoughts you hadn't had before. The fee is $25 plus food and overnight lodging. Well worth it too.

The two-day tours to Cuthbert Rookery and Florida Bay start late in the fall, and the last one goes out April 13. The one-day tour out of Miami to the Cuthbert Rookery only, finishes April 29. There are also two-day tours to Lake Okeechobee and the Kissimmee Prairie until April 28.

However, a similar excursion to Duck Rock on the west coast of Florida starts June 2 and runs through July 28. The high point of this one is a five-hour boat ride pausing at Duck Rock to watch the almost endless waves of spoonbills, egrets, herons, and ibises sweeping in from the Everglades at eventide to roost in the Audubon-protected sanctuary. Picnic supper is served on board and you are put up overnight in the Rod and Gun Club.

It isn't in the U. S., but, just across the border in Canada, the city of Stratford, Ontario, has in one stunning season emerged as an outstanding center of summer theatre in its very best sense. Stratford, a city of eighteen thousand citizens drew sixty-six thousand patrons last summer between July 13 and August 22, mostly to see Alex Guinness. This year, Ontario's Stratford will present James Mason in *Measure for Measure, The Taming of the Shrew,* and *Oedipus Rex.* The stage, incidentally, operates without sets, has seven levels, and the whole auditorium is covered with an inner and outer tent. Stratford is one hundred miles from Toronto, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Detroit.

One way to stay cool this summer is to spend the dog days in Alaska. The 4-ship fleet of the Alaska Steamship Company makes Wednesday and Friday sailings all summer long from Seattle, following the Inside Passage between the offshore islands, and stopping at Ketchikan, Juneau, and Seward. The round trip, Seattle-Seward and return takes 12 days, and the ships are in port long enough for sight-seeing into the interior.

Ketchikan, 650 miles north of Seattle, packs more salmon than any city in the world, and has, besides, a forest of totem poles in the Indian village of Saxman outside town. The capital at Juneau offers a good hotel—the Baranhof; an exciting sight—the Mendenhall Glacier; and a rare excursion—the Alaska Coastal Airlines' Ice-Cap flights over the Juneau Ice Field. Planes and boats go to Taku Lodge, which is a first-rate resort.

Seward is 1400 miles from the home port, has a population of 2,100, offers connections to the wonderful fishing in the Russian River; in addition the Alaska Railroad and local tour agents run excursions inland to Anchorage and beyond. Fjords, frontiers, and four meals a day are the attractions.

If you like, you can take your car with you on the ship. This is especially recommended for those who drive north on the Alcan Highway and want to stow the car in the hold and loaf on the way back. It's a good arrangement all around since northbound car space is difficult to get.

Similar ship service to Alaska, leaving from Vancouver, is offered by Canadian National and Canadian Pacific.

IRELAND

(Continued from page 125)

like to say, in its own "domain" surrounded by walls and gardens. You can eat grilled lobster, fish for salmon and trout in the local Inver River, and from August 12 to February, shoot grouse and pheasant. Inver is between Donegal town and Killybegs, a fishing village immortalized in *Finian's Rainbow.*

Quite a similar arrangement is available at the Ashford Castle Hotel on Lough Corrib, which is indeed both a hotel and castle surrounded by a moat and two hundred acres. The Kaiser and royalty from "the far side" used to shoot grouse there, but more recently it was used for the filming of *The Quiet Man,* the crew and cast staying in the hotel and paying, probably, the normal rate, which is $39 a week, food included. In April and May "when the May fly is up," the salmon leap in Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, and it is time to have the management pack you a box lunch and engage a ghillie who will row you across the lough. Meals and fishing may be exchanged with Ballynahinch Castle, thirty miles away on Lough Inagh, once owned by an Indian prince who used it as a sportsman's lodge. Fishing time stretches from February 1 to October 12.





ASK *Mary Gordon* OF **TWA**

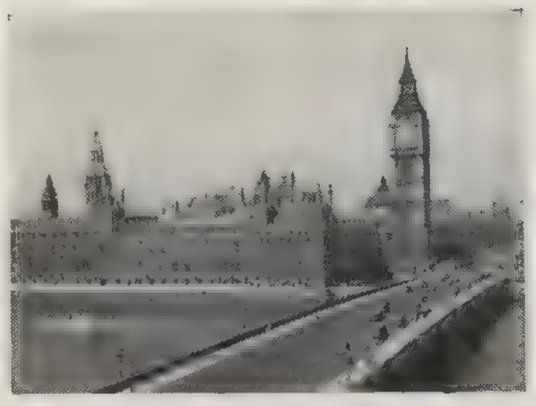


HOW TO STRETCH A 2-WEEK VACATION

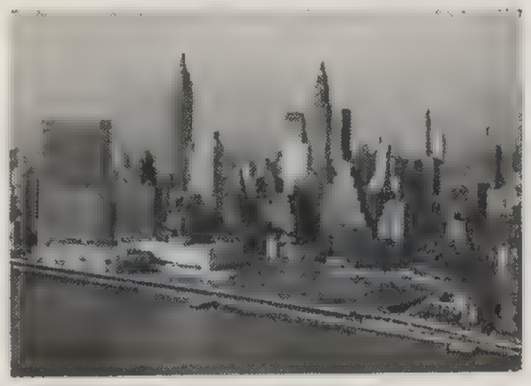
The World Is Yours when you go the TWA way, even if you have only a two-week vacation. When you fly, Europe is just a few hours away . . . hours you spend in the relaxed, friendly, get-acquainted atmosphere of a roomy, comfortable TWA Constellation.

14-Day, 4-Country European Tour for as little as $726. Just think, you can stretch your two-week vacation to include England, Holland, Belgium and France. And this romantic tour from New York and back to New York is bargain-priced by TWA.

Let Mary Gordon help you plan your vacation. She knows all sorts of ways to stretch time and budgets. For more information see your favorite travel agent, local TWA office, or fill out and mail the coupon below. If you have special travel problems, just write Mary Gordon of TWA.



Leave New York in the late afternoon and be in London for breakfast via TWA.



Remember, you can fly from coast to coast for as little as $99 plus tax on TWA.

CLIP AND MAIL

Mary Gordon, Dept. V-34
Trans World Airlines, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

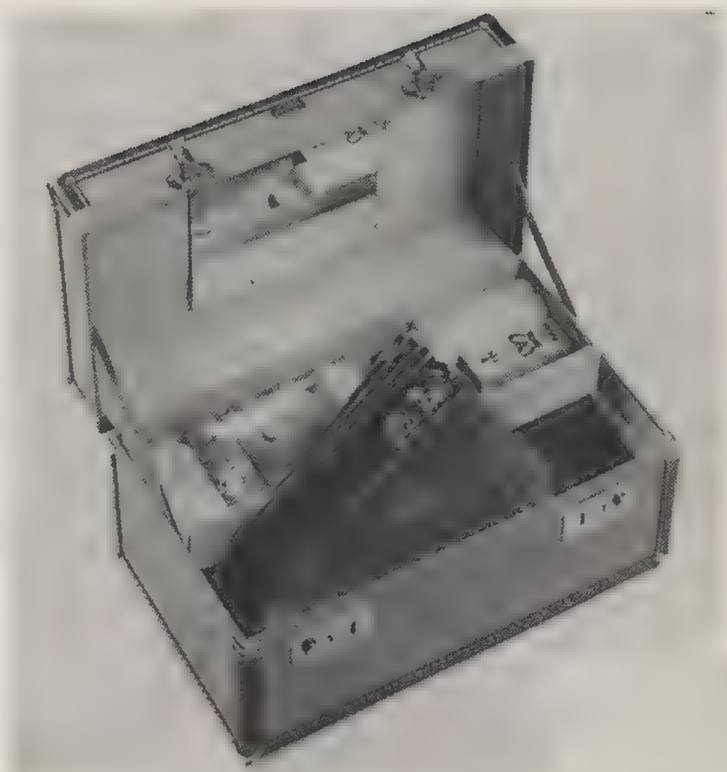
Please send me your free booklets

- ☐ Skyliner Tours of Europe.
- ☐ See Europe for $10 a Day.
- ☐ Travel-Study Tours.
- ☐ How to See the West.

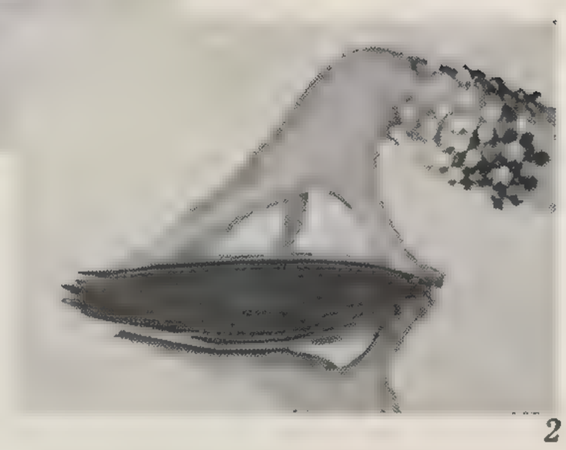
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____



1



2

NEW LUGGAGE TRAVELLING LIGHT

For pared-down travel wardrobes: here is air-minded luggage that's been lightened, to leave most of your baggage weight-allotment to what goes inside. And what you pack stays safe as houses—these lightweight suitcases are made with sturdy frames to weather rough handling. 1. Cosmetic supplies are hardest to streamline, so it's well to provide for them. Here, a tan canvas "poudre case," with brass corners, $70*. 2. What's going in: six ounces of stockings, twelve pairs in vacuum-packed cases (no snagging or scattering). By Gotham Gold Stripe, at Gimbels. The bracelet: yards of red and white beads by Sandor. Altman. 3. For the air traveller who likes leather luggage, a Pullman case of the leather used for industrial belting (*has* to be light and strong). $150*. 4. Another suitcase (here, week-end size), of industrial leather, $120*. Overnight case: pepper-and-salt canvas on a light wood frame, $38.50*. All the luggage on this page, by Hartmann. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

*PLUS TAX



3

GRIGSBY



4

THE MAN WHO PLANTED HOPE

(Continued from page 108)

he told me that he did not smoke. His dog, as silent as himself, was friendly without being servile.

It was understood from the first that I should spend the night there; the nearest village was still more than a day and a half away. And besides I was perfectly familiar with the nature of the rare villages in that region. There were four or five of them scattered well apart from each other on these mountain slopes, among white oak thickets, at the extreme end of the wagon roads. They were inhabited by charcoal burners, and the living was bad. Families, crowded together in a climate that is excessively harsh both in winter and in summer, found no escape from the unceasing conflict of personalities. Irrational ambition reached inordinate proportions in the continual desire for escape. The men took their wagonloads of charcoal to the town, then returned. The soundest characters broke under the perpetual grind. The women nursed their grievances. There was rivalry in everything, over the price of charcoal as over a pew in the church, over warring virtues as over warring vices as well as over the ceaseless combat between virtue and vice. And over all there was the wind, also ceaseless, to rasp upon the nerves. There were epidemics of suicide and frequent cases of insanity, usually homicidal.

The shepherd went to fetch a small sack and poured out a heap of acorns on the table. He began to inspect them, one by one, with great concentration, separating the good from the bad. I smoked my pipe. I did offer to help him. He told me that it was his job. And in fact, seeing the care he devoted to the task, I did not insist. That was the whole of our conversation. When he had set aside a large enough pile of good acorns he counted them out by tens, meanwhile eliminating the small ones or those which were slightly cracked, for now he examined them more closely. When he had thus selected one hundred perfect acorns he stopped and we went to bed.

There was peace in being with this man. The next day I asked if I might rest here for a day. He found it quite natural—or, to be more exact, he gave me the impression that nothing could startle him. The rest was not absolutely necessary, but I was interested and wished to know more about him. He opened the pen and led his flock to the pasture. Before leaving, he plunged his sack of carefully selected and counted acorns into a pail of water.

I noticed that he carried for a stick an iron rod as thick as my thumb and about a yard and a half long. Resting myself by walking, I followed a path parallel to his. His pasture was in a valley. He left the little flock in charge of the dog and climbed toward where I stood. I was afraid that he was about to rebuke me for my indiscretion, but it was not that at all: this was the way he was going, and he invited me to go along if I had nothing better to do. He climbed to the top of the ridge, about a hundred yards away.

There he began thrusting his iron rod into the earth, making a hole in which he planted an acorn; then he refilled the hole. He was planting oak trees. I asked him if the land belonged to him. He answered no. Did he know whose it was? He did not. He supposed it was community property, or perhaps belonged to people who cared nothing about it. He was not interested in finding out whose it was. He planted his hundred acorns with the greatest care.

After the midday meal he resumed his planting. I suppose I must have been fairly insistent in my questioning, for he answered me. For three years he had been planting trees in this wilderness. He had planted one hundred thousand. Of the hundred thousand twenty thousand had sprouted. Of these twenty thousand he still expected to lose about half, to rodents or to the unpredictable designs of Providence. There remained ten thousand oak trees to grow where nothing had grown before.

That was when I began to wonder about the age of this man. He was obviously over fifty. Fifty-five, he told me. His name was Elzéard Bouffier. He had once had a farm in the lowlands. There he had had his life. He had lost his only son, then his wife. He had withdrawn into this solitude where his pleasure was to live leisurely with his lambs and his dog. It was his opinion that this land was dying for want of trees. He added that, having no very pressing business of his own, he had resolved to remedy this state of affairs.

Since I was at that time, in spite of my youth, leading a solitary life, I understood how to deal gently with solitary spirits. But my very youth forced me to consider the future in relation to myself and to a certain quest for happiness. I told him that in thirty years his ten thousand oaks would be magnificent. He answered quite simply that if God granted him life, in thirty years he would have planted so many more that these ten thousand would be like a drop of water in the ocean.

Besides, he was now studying the reproduction of beech trees and had a nursery of seedlings grown from beechnuts near his cottage. The seedlings, which he had protected from his sheep with a wire fence, were very beautiful. He was also considering birches for the valleys where, he told me, there was a certain amount of moisture a few yards below the surface of the soil.

The next day, we parted.

The following year came the War of 1914, in which I was involved for the next five years. An infantryman hardly had time for reflecting upon trees. To tell the truth, the thing itself had made no impression upon me; I had considered it as a hobby, a stamp collection, and forgotten it.

The war over, I found myself possessed of a tiny demobilization bonus and a huge desire to breathe fresh air for a while. It was with no other objective that I again

(Continued on page 158)



VENICE,

For All That Makes A Perfect Holiday . . .

See Italy first



Pageantry, history, color, art, music . . . as well as all the amenities of life . . . Italy gives and gives bountifully . . . bringing with pleasure and beauty a deeper appreciation of the courses and currents of man's progress through the centuries. And on the practical side . . . consider the excellent dollar values . . . the wide choice of accommodations . . . the inspired food . . . the exciting offerings in world-famous shops . . . the ease of getting about. De luxe motor coach tours take you everywhere at most appealing prices . . . 10 and 20 day tickets permit unlimited rail travel . . . special coupons assure gasoline at reduced costs to motorists bringing cars to Italy.

ENIT

See your Travel Agent now!

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E. N. I. T.

21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.



for Gray and White Hair

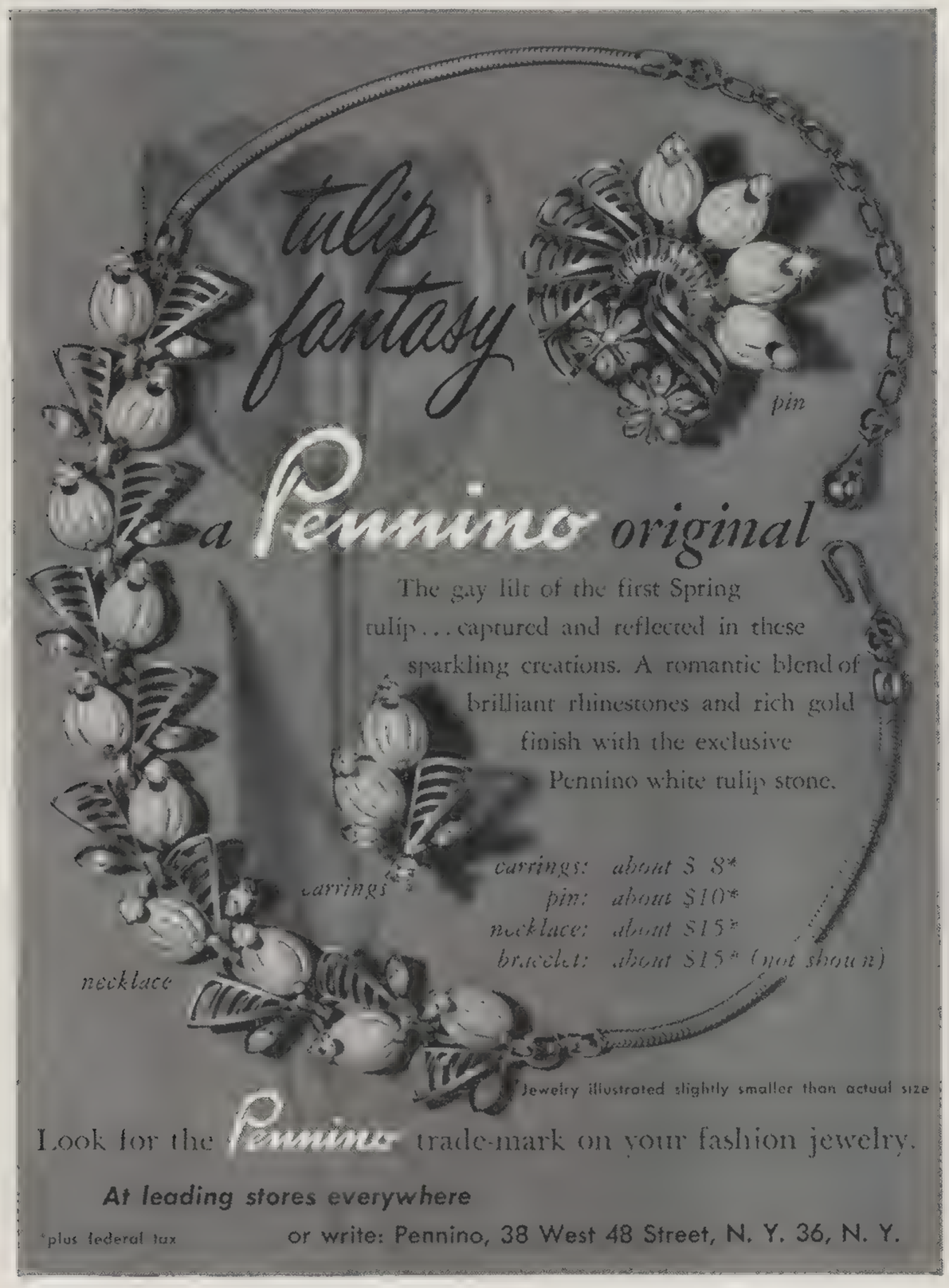
NEW! Tiz-Rinses At All Leading Beauty Salons

It's fun to be gray...now that your hairdresser has fabulous new TIZ-rinses to dramatize your hair!

For TIZ-Perl leaves a silky, platinum cast. TIZ-Slate Color—for flattering, steely dignity. For a deeper, smoky cast, choose TIZ-Black.

A TIZ-rinse actually coaxes softer texture into your hair, because of its creme base. Never streaks or discolors. Washes right out with your next shampoo!

—and if it's COLOR you want, your hairdresser has glorious TIZ-creme-and-color rinses, too! They brighten your hair in such a natural-looking way your friends will never guess what has made you *so much prettier!* M. PIER CO., CRYSTAL LAKE, ILL.



THE MAN WHO PLANTED HOPE

(Continued from page 157)

took the road to the barren lands.

The countryside had not changed. However, beyond the deserted village I glimpsed in the distance a sort of greyish mist that covered the mountain tops like a carpet. Since the day before I had begun to think again of the shepherd tree-planter. "Ten thousand oaks," I reflected, "really take up quite a bit of space."

I had seen too many men die during those five years not to imagine easily that Elzéard Bouffier was dead, especially since, at twenty, one regards men of fifty as old men with nothing left to do but die. He was not dead. As a matter of fact, he was extremely spry. He had changed jobs. Now he had only four sheep but, instead, a hundred beehives. He had got rid of the sheep because they threatened his young trees. For, he told me (and I saw for myself), the war had disturbed him not at all. He had imperturbably continued to plant.

The oaks of 1910 were then ten years old and taller than either of us. It was an impressive spectacle. I was literally speechless and, as he did not talk, we spent the whole day walking in silence through his forest. In three sections, it measured eleven kilometers in length and three kilometers at its greatest width. When you remembered that all this had sprung from the hands and the soul of this one man, without technical resources, you understood that men could be as effectual as God in other realms than that of destruction.

He had pursued his plan, and beech trees as high as my shoulder, spreading out as far as the eye could reach, confirmed it. He showed me handsome clumps of birch planted five years before—that is, in 1915, when I had been fighting at Verdun. He had set them out in all the valleys where he had guessed—and rightly—that there was moisture almost at the surface of the ground. They were as delicate as young girls, and very well established.

Creation seemed to come about in a sort of chain reaction. He did not worry about it; he was determinedly pursuing his task in all its simplicity; but as we went back toward the village I saw water flowing in brooks that had been dry since the memory of man. This was the most impressive result of chain reaction that I had seen. These dry streams had once, long ago, run with water. Some of the dreary villages I mentioned before had been built on the sites of ancient Roman settlements, traces of which still remained; and archaeologists, exploring there, had found fishhooks where, in the twentieth century, cisterns were needed to assure a small supply of water.

The wind, too, scattered seeds. As the water reappeared, so there reappeared willows, rushes, meadows, gardens, flowers, and a certain purpose in being alive. But the transformation took place so gradually that it became part of the pattern without causing any astonishment. Hunters, climbing into the wilderness in pursuit of hares or wild boar, had of course noticed the sudden growth of little trees, but had attributed it to some natural caprice of the earth. That is why no one meddled with Elzéard Bouffier's work. If he had been detected he would have had opposition. He was indetectable. Who in the villages or in the administration could have dreamed of such perseverance in a magnificent generosity?

To have anything like a precise idea of this exceptional character one must not forget that he worked in total solitude: so total that, toward the end of his life, he lost the habit of speech. Or perhaps it was that he saw no need for it.

In 1933 he received a visit from a forest ranger who notified him of an order against lighting fires out of doors for fear of endangering the growth of this *natural* forest. It was the first time, the man told him naïvely, that he had ever heard of a forest growing of its own accord. At that time Bouffier was about to plant beeches at a spot some twelve kilometers from his cottage. In order to avoid travelling back and forth—for he was then seventy-five—he planned to build a stone cabin right at the plantation. The next year he did so.

In 1935 a whole delegation came from the government to examine the "natural forest." There was a high official from the Forest Service, a deputy, technicians. There was a great deal of ineffectual talk. It was decided that something must be done and, fortunately, nothing was done except the only helpful thing: the whole forest was placed under the protection of the State, and charcoal burning prohibited. For it was impossible not to be captivated by the beauty of those young trees in the fullness of health, and they cast their spell over the deputy himself.

A friend of mine was among the forestry officers of the delegation. To him I explained the mystery. One day the following week we went together to see Elzéard Bouffier. We found him hard at work, some ten kilometers from the spot where the inspection had taken place.

This forester was not my friend for nothing. He was aware of values. He knew how to keep silent. I delivered the eggs I had brought as a present. We shared our lunch among the three of us and spent several hours in wordless contemplation of the countryside.

In the direction from which we had come the slopes were covered with trees six to seven yards tall. I remembered how the land had looked in 1913: a desert. . . . Peaceful, regular toil, the vigorous mountain air, frugality and, above all, serenity of spirit had endowed this old man with awe-inspiring health. He was one of God's athletes. I wondered how many more acres he was going to cover with trees.

Before leaving, my friend simply made a brief suggestion about certain species of trees that the soil here seemed particularly suited for. He did not force the point. "For the very good reason," he told me later,

"that Bouffier knows more about it than I do." At the end of an hour's walking—having turned it over in his mind—he added, "He knows a lot more about it than anybody. He's discovered a wonderful way to be happy!"

It was thanks to this officer that not only the forest but also the happiness of the man was protected. He delegated three rangers to the task, and so terrorized them that they remained proof against all the bottles of wine the charcoal burners could offer.

The only serious danger to the work occurred during the war of 1939. As automobiles were being run on gazogenes, there was never enough wood. Cutting was started among the oaks of 1910, but the area was so far from any railroads that the enterprise turned out to be financially unsound. It was abandoned. The shepherd had seen nothing of it. He was thirty kilometers away, peacefully continuing his work, ignoring the war of '39 as he had ignored that of '14.

I saw Elzéard Bouffier for the last time in June of 1945. He was then eighty-seven. I had started back along the route through the wastelands; but now, in spite of the disorder in which the war had left the country, there was a car running between the Durance Valley and the mountain. I attributed the fact that I no longer recognized the scenes of my earlier journeys to this relatively speedy transportation. It seemed to me, too, that the route took me through new territory. It took the name of a village to convince me that I was actually in that region that had been all ruins and desolation. The car put me down at Vergons. In 1913 this hamlet of ten or twelve houses had had three inhabitants. They had been savage creatures, hating one another, living by trapping game, little removed, both physically and morally, from the conditions of prehistoric man. All about them the nettles were feeding upon the remains of abandoned houses. Their condition had been beyond hope. For them, nothing but to await death—a situation which rarely predisposes to virtue.

Everything was changed. Even the air. Instead of the harsh dry winds that used to attack me, a gentle breeze was blowing, laden with scents. A sound like water came from the mountains: it was the wind in the forest. Most amazing of all, I heard the actual sound of water falling into a pool, I saw that a fountain had been built, that it flowed freely and—what touched me most—that someone had planted a linden beside it, a linden that must have been four years old, already in full leaf, the incontestable symbol of resurrection.

Besides, Vergons bore evidence of labour at the sort of undertaking for which hope is required. Hope, then, had returned. Ruins had been cleared away, dilapidated walls torn down and five houses restored. Now there were twenty-eight inhabitants, four of them young married couples. The new houses, freshly plastered, were surrounded by gardens where vegetables and flowers grew in orderly confusion, cabbages and roses, leeks and snapdragons, celery and anemones. It was now a village where one would like to live.

From that point on I went on foot. The war just finished had not yet allowed the full blooming of life, but Lazarus was out of the tomb. On the lower slopes of the mountain I saw little fields of barley and of rye; deep in the narrow valleys the meadows were turning green.

It has taken only the eight years since then for the whole countryside to glow with health and prosperity. On the site of ruins I had seen in 1913 now stand neat farms, cleanly plastered, testifying to a happy and comfortable life. The old streams, fed by the rains and snows that the forest conserves, are flowing again. Their waters have been channelled. On each farm, in groves of maples, fountain pools overflow onto carpets of fresh mint. Little by little the villages have been rebuilt. People from the plains, where land is costly, have settled here, bringing youth, motion, the spirit of adventure. Along the roads you meet hearty men and women, boys and girls who understand laughter and have recovered a taste for picnics. Counting the former population, unrecognizable now that they live in comfort, more than ten thousand people owe their happiness to Elzéard Bouffier.

When I reflect that one man, armed only with his own physical and moral resources, was able to cause this land of Canaan to spring from the wasteland, I am convinced that in spite of everything, humanity is admirable. But when I compute the unfailing greatness of spirit and the tenacity of benevolence that it must have taken to achieve this result, I am taken with an immense respect for that old and unlearned peasant who was able to complete a work worthy of God.

Elzéard Bouffier died peacefully in 1947 at the hospice in Banon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Half-French, half-Italian, Jean Giono is one of the first-rank contemporary French writers, a winner of the Prix Brentano, the Prix de Monaco, and the Légion d'Honneur. Five of his novels have been published here; the latest,* The Horseman on the Roof, *a study of mass panic and personal courage in the plague year of 1838, in Giono's native Provence. (Beneath its galloping plot, its rich and often horrifying detail, is a sturdy rebuttal of the Existentialist hopelessness of Albert Camus'* The Plague.) *A writer of power, subtlety, and beauty, Giono is profoundly concerned with the interaction of Nature and man. He writes about peasants with deep understanding, with warmth, often with humour; the great comic French movie* The Baker's Wife *was based on a Giono book. Now in his late fifties, Giono is square, greying, with enormous charm, an exuberant range of interests (among them French history, the Elizabethan drama, and fishing). He lives a simple, rather solitary life in Provence, spending the winters at Manosque, the summers in a converted monastery full of un-geometric nooks at Gréoux-les-Bains.*



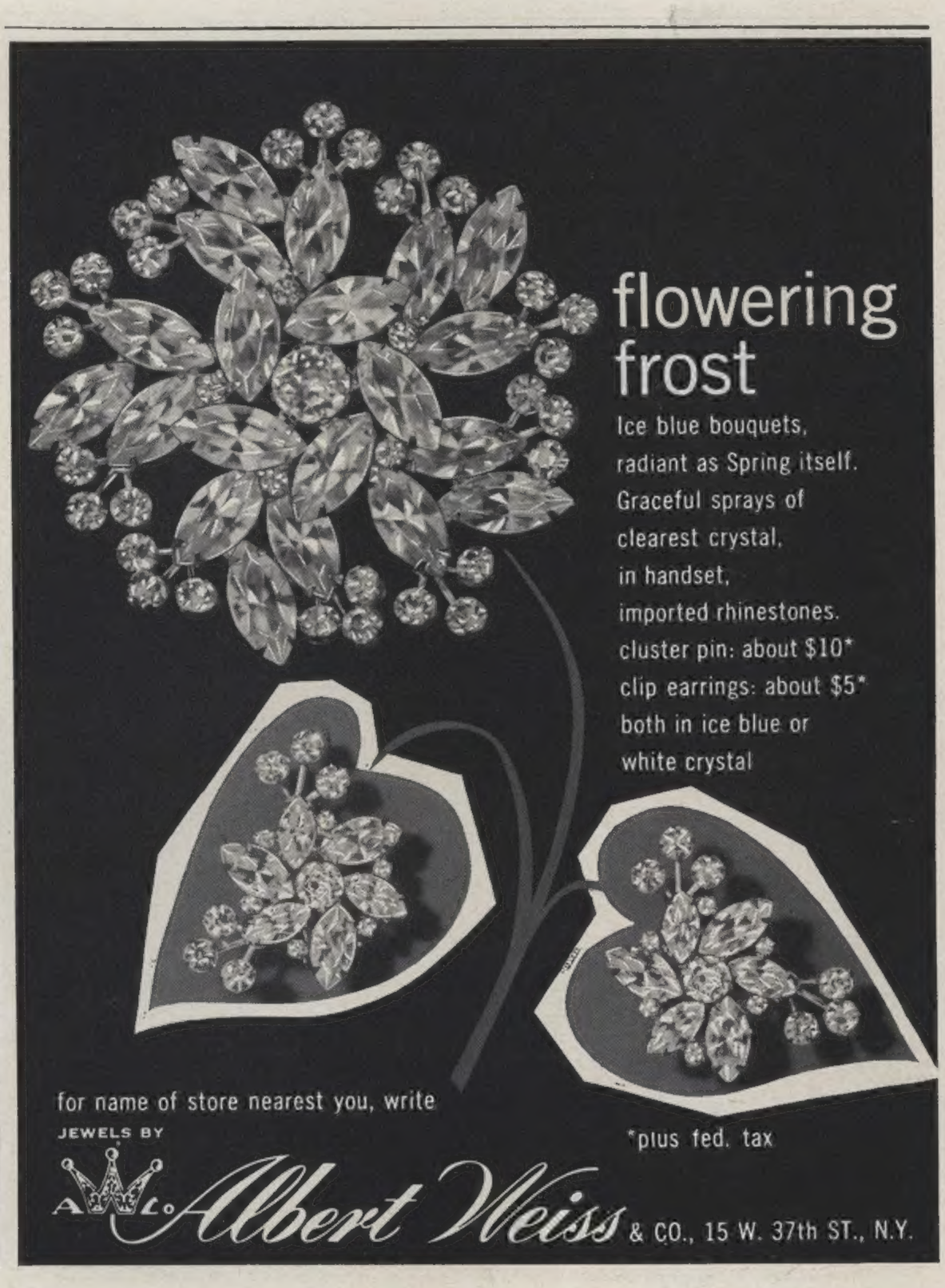
DICKERSON SHOES
the smart shoe that's really comfortable

Exclusive features are built into Dickersons, for glorious comfort with glamorous styling.

STEP INTO COMFORT . . . STEP OUT IN STYLE WITH

Dickerson Shoes

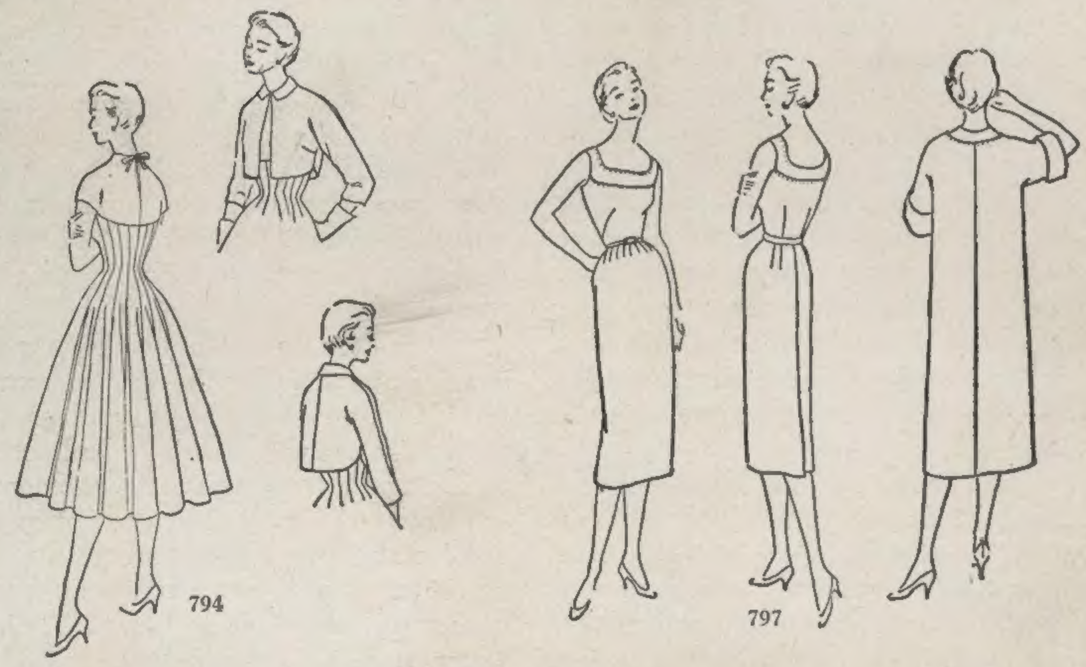
WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER
The Walker T. Dickerson Company
Columbus 15, Ohio





VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views of the Patterns shown on pages 132-133)



Above, left: Pattern 794, dress and bolero. Sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). For size 16 (34), 8¾ yds. of 35″ fabric to make dress and bolero; 1⅜ yds. of 35″ fabric to make bolero lining. Price, $2.50. *Above, right:* Pattern 797, dress and coat. Sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). For size 16 (34), 7⅝ yds. of 35″ fabric to make dress and coat; 2⅞ yds. of 39″ fabric to make coat lining. Price, $2.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY, OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax.

MRS. EXETER'S INTERNATIONAL BACKGROUND

(Details of pages 134-135)

Collected from everywhere in the world, and available now in the United States: the furniture, wallpapers, et cetera, shown as background material for Mrs. Exeter.

In photograph 1: An Italian abstract painting by Oscar de Mejo; a Montici onyx plaque called "Horse" (both here at Italian Book and Craft). A Swedish chair, birch with black jute webbing; by Bruno Mathson (in America at Bonnier's).
In photograph 2: A Dutch wallpaper, "Quartiers," one of the Gravura collection (imported by Murals Inc.). An American wrought-iron side chair by Paul McCobb (at Directional Showrooms). An international—a French rug of shrimp-pink wool, designed by Matisse, hand-woven in North Africa (in America now at the Dorothy Liebes Studio). An Italian table top, marble painted to look like malachite (at Italian Book and Craft). On the table, French crystal (here at Baccarat & Porthault).
In photograph 3: An Irish linen print called "The Pub Wall," designed by Patrick Scott for John McGuire, Ltd., in Dublin (imported here by Dan Cooper). The Italian table, with a tile top, by Fabio Rieti (here at Italian Book and Craft). American armchair by Paul McCobb (from the Directional Showrooms).
In photograph 4: An Italian design, black and white elevations called "Architecture" (here at Piazza Prints). An Italian chair of ash with a Cellophane seat, designed by Gio Ponti (here at M. Singer & Sons).





PRINTED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PRESS, GREENWICH, CONN., U. S. A.



The Society

The smartest, coolest fashions ever!

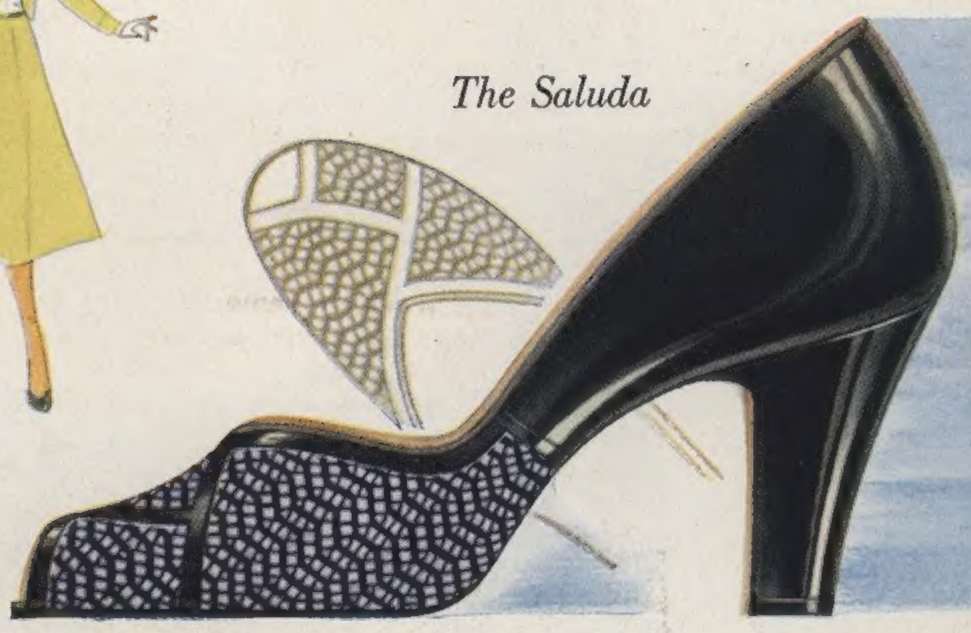


natural bridge *Mesh*



The Sarasota





The Saluda

Step lightly, *smartly* and ever so comfortably in patterns of cool, refreshing nylon mesh—by NATURAL BRIDGE! Here's truly *finer* footwear . . . famous the country over as "*Smarter Shoes for Natural Walking*".

9^{95} and 10^{95}

Naturalettes 7^{95}

Distant Points Slightly Higher

See "THE NEW IN SHOES" for Spring '54 at your dealer's now

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS *Division of Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.*

Natural Bridge Shoes

american golfer *in Bates self-servicing Disciplined cotton...*

the dress that makes summertime living easy.



Just hang it up: Bates Disciplined Fabric releases creases, presents no pressing problem. It washes beautifully, dries fast, needs only touch-up ironing, needs no starch at all. Pink, blue, yellow or aqua, each with a soft little white Orlon cardigan banded in flower-embroidered ribbon. Sizes 10 to 20, complete about $23.00

JUST HANG IT UP!

Bates®

DISCIPLINED FABRIC®

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

At fine stores including: Best & Co., New York • Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh • Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. • Meier & Frank, Portland • Famous-Barr, St. Louis.